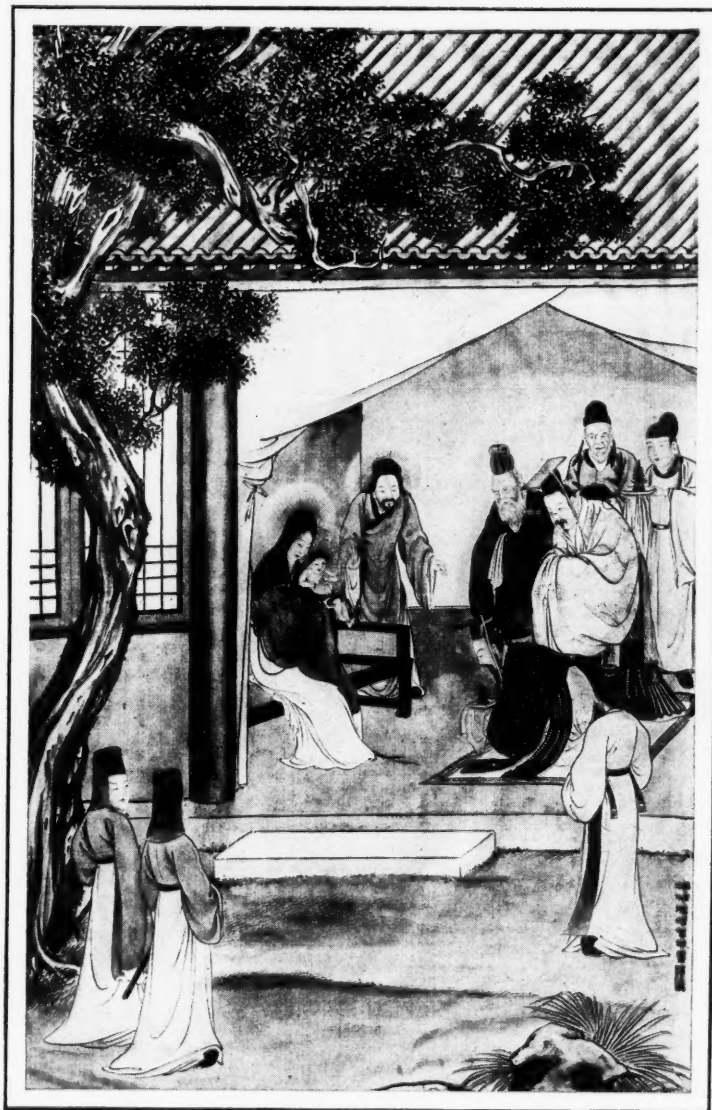


THE FIELD AFAR

MARYKNOLL



CHINESE EPIPHANY SCENE

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V. Rev. James Anthony Walsh, M. Ap., Superior General

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THIS paper is the organ of the Society at home and abroad. It is issued monthly except in the summer when a special enlarged July-August number is published.

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MARYKNOLL

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"Maryknoll", in honor of the Queen of Apostles, has become the popular designation of the Society.

Object—to train Catholic missionaries for the heathen, with the ultimate aim to develop a native clergy in lands now pagan.

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READING OF THE MESSIAH'S COMING

This Jewish patriarch still longs for his prophets' Emmanuel, not recognizing that the Desired of the Nations was born nearly two thousand years ago in a stable at Bethlehem. Withdraw, O Lord God, the veil from their hearts, that His own people also may acknowledge our Lord Jesus Christ



THE FIELD AFAR

DECEMBER, 1931



BISHOP WALSH TELLS OF ROOM AT THE INN

Kongmoon—

(Kongmoon Vicariate)



SEEING is Loving was seven years old. Her regenerate name was Mary You; but her baby name fitted her so well that even the Sisters called her by it, more often than not.

To understand this one look at her would suffice. She was not a pretty child, but she was as candid and open as a sunflower. A little square-rigged thing, squat and plump already at seven, with two enormous black eyes in which one's gaze lost itself as if peering down some deep and crystal clear well. When she was excited, they opened still wider as a preface to the expression of exactly what was in her little mind, without fear or favor. A strong, forthright little character, without guile.

"A born mother," said Sister Superior. She would mother half a dozen daughters in the saaten trousers of the ancestral home, or five hundred of them in the white wimples of the cloister, with equal aplomb. Sister hoped it would be the latter.

"Seeing is Loving, do you want to help us fix the Crib?"

"Yes, Sister," eyes sparkling.

"Come here, then. You can carry the buffalo. Be careful; don't break his horns off. He has to blow his breath on the Infant to keep Him warm."

"Oh!" Seeing is Loving carried the buffalo carefully. She hustled about the Crib, helping where she could, admiring where she couldn't; all "ohs", and "ahs", and widening eyes, and fluttering hands. Finally, the Crib satisfied Sister. It was time for evening rice, anyhow.

When the Sisters came to prayers



HOW THEY GO TO MIDNIGHT MASS IN KOREA

In the Maryknoll Korean Mission the journey to Midnight Mass sometimes leads Christians over frozen stretches of the Yalu River

that night, they heard a strange stamping and mooing at the back of the chapel. Investigation! There was Seeing is Loving, with a new recruit for the guard of honor at the manger. It was nothing less than her father's buffalo,

just out of the fields. Gasps; exclamations!

"Sister, I was afraid your buffalo is not keeping Him warm enough," said Seeing is Loving.

FR. KIERNAN PREACHES A CHRISTMAS MISSION IN CHINA Koo Peng—

(Wuchow Prefecture Apostolic)

DECEMBER ninth, I set out for To Pong, en route to our oldest Catholic village in the Wuchow Prefecture, for the purpose of conducting a two weeks' Mission. On the evening of the tenth, I arrived at To Pong, where Frs. Meyer and Ryan were living in a Chinese house, while they were supervising the erection of the new mission compound. The houses will be of pressed mud, for the most part, with brick corners and window frames. I had to wait two days at To Pong, until a Mass kit could be supplied for my trip to Koo Peng.

The Mission at Koo Peng, which sits shivering on a rock ledge halfway down a mountain side, commenced on December the twelfth, and lasted until Christmas morning. The people—all "old Catholics", the youngsters being the third generation in the Faith—received the Sacraments the first day, and communicated daily during the Mission. We had over thirty, not counting many howling infants, making the Mission.

It turned bitterly cold, and a terrific wind added to our discomfort. We had a few slight snowfalls, plenty of frost, and some thin ice on stagnant pools. The only fires were in the kitchen, where the women and children kept themselves nearly all day in an effort to escape death from freezing, and in the "parlor", where the men congregated at free intervals and in the evenings.

The "parlor's" fire was of wood logs, in an iron pan about three feet in cir-

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THE HOLIDAY SEASON AT FUSHUN, IN MANCHURIA

Fr. Joseph P. McCormack, of New York City, Acting-Superior of Maryknoll-in-Manchuria, relates to his Chinese colleague, Fr. Anthony Pan, memoirs of Christmastide at the Home Knoll. The missionary with the "loud speaker halo" is Fr. John R. O'Donnell, also of New York City. Next to him is Fr. Albert J. Murphy, of Springfield, Mass., while the American in Chinese garb is Bro. Benedict Barry, another New Yorker

cumference and four inches deep. The smoke had to find its own way out between the roof tiles, but not until it had deposited its soot on the walls, rafters, and tiles—to say nothing of ourselves. I could stand the fire just so long, and then I took to pacing my room, which is built in the rear of the village chapel. It was nine paces long, and five wide. I covered miles daily, and as a last resort climbed into bed to keep warm.

We had Midnight Mass on Christmas, much to the joy of the people, who had learned to sing an Alleluia hymn. The rendition of this hymn beggars description, but all went at it with a will. Homemade paper lanterns formed the decorations of the chapel; and, despite its mud floor and walls, it looked good to me that Christmas morning when I called down from heaven the Son of God upon the Altar which rivaled in simplicity the Crib in Bethlehem's cave.

Our little mud chapel, with its simple mountaineers and their weird prayer chanting, must have been very pleasing to the Christ Child, for it must have reminded Him so much of that first Christmas day, nearly two thousand years ago, amid the mud walls of a

cave, with unlettered shepherds to pay him homage, and the beasts to keep him warm. We, too, had our beasts, though they were only the ubiquitous Chow dogs.

The whole congregation received Holy Communion, except the little children; and sang their prayers and the one hymn with a sincerity that thrilled me. I thanked God that I had been chosen to be amongst them.

BRO. BENEDICT CLAIMS MANCHURIA IS THE IDEAL CHRISTMAS SETTING

Fushun—

(Manchurian Mission)

IN Manchuria we have the cold, and the poor aplenty, treasures of the first Christmas Day.

The Fathers were in the confessional yesterday for the greater part of the twenty-four hours, and right up to the time for Midnight Mass.

We had a High Mass at midnight, and another at 9:30 a.m.; the Fathers saying their other Masses in between times. Our little chapel was packed to overflowing.

After all the services were over, we had our own celebration at the mission residence. Our refectory and rec-

reation room were tastefully decorated with the Christmas colors, and a community with healthy appetites gathered round the festive board.

Christmas of 1930 was one that will be long remembered by us here at Fushun. With twenty-six Baptisms, sixty-four Confirmations, two weddings, and over three hundred approaching the Sacraments of Confession and Communion, we feel that it was a day of singular blessings.

SR. GENEVIEVE EXPERIENCES CHRISTMAS IN A KOREAN HAMLET

Yeng You—

(Korean Mission)

OUR Christmas was a very happy one. As usual many Christians came in to Yeng You from the small villages, some of them tramping for long distances in the intense cold over the snow clad hills and vales. It was inspiring to see such a multitude receive our Lord at Midnight Mass.

Before Mass, sixteen were baptized; and it added much to our joy to have two girls from our Industrial School to offer as gifts to our Infant Savior.

We expected Msgr. Morris for Midnight Mass, but he did not come until the seventh of January. The Christians were very happy to see him again, and had a banquet for him at the school. Our Little Flower Guild gave in his honor a play in five acts, *The Martyrdom of Saint Dorothea*. It was the first time our Guild has taken part in a play, and we were certainly proud of them.

SR. HENRIETTA'S FIRST CHRISTMAS WHERE POINSETTIAS BLOOM

St. Anthony's School—

(Kalihi Kai, Honolulu)

INSTEAD of your white landscape, ours is green and sunny. The poinsettias give us the Christmas spirit. They bloom gorgeously, and just in time for it. We also have a great deal of rain just before Christmas.

Our school children have a grand time sliding on the mud. Of course, there are many falls; but here these mishaps are known as "blackbirds". "Sister, he took two blackbirds", they will say. They are dear youngsters, and we enjoy them.

Bishop Boniface Yeung

By Fr. Martin Burke, M.M., of Brooklyn, N. Y., Maryknoll missionary in South China

JULY 26, 1931, the feast of our Mother's mother, will always remain a memorable day in the history of the Church in Kwangtung. It marked the date of consecration of the first Chinese bishop of South China.

The sun had just risen as our boat steamed up the river to Canton. Our party, seven Maryknollers and three American Vincentians, had left Hong Kong the night before, in response to an invitation from Bishop-elect Boniface Yeung to be present at his consecration.

Several other Maryknollers, some with large delegations of Christians from their respective parishes, had arrived at Canton the night before.

Masses had been going on at the Cathedral from four o'clock, so we had no trouble in finding an altar upon arrival. Thousands of Christians received Communion that morning. I said the last Mass at which Communion was given, and I counted seventeen "rails" of communicants.

On our way out, Bro. Jude and I met a big, stately Chinese priest coming towards us, his hand extended in welcome. His first question was, "Did you have breakfast yet?" and, upon our answering, "No", he started back with us until he met a Chinese priest whom he requested to guide us to the breakfast room.

We asked our guide who the other priest was. "Why that's Bishop Yeung", he said. Needless to say, we felt happy that such a hospitable and humble man should be chosen as Auxiliary to Bishop Fourquet, who has always been so kind to us Maryknollers.

It would take too long to describe the ceremony in detail. At 8:30 the procession started from the episcopal residence. There were priests of the Paris Foreign

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Mission Society, Salesians, Vincentians, Maryknollers, Redemptorists, Jesuits, Chinese secular priests, and a Canon from the Macao Cathedral-Chapter.

The consecrating prelate was Chinese, Bishop Tsu, S.J., of Haimen. He was assisted by Bishop Canazei, of Shiuchow, and Maryknoll's Bishop Walsh, of Kong-

moon. Other prelates attending the ceremony were Bishop Fourquet, of Canton; Bishops Valtorta and Deswazières, from Hong Kong; Bishop Prat, O.P., of Amoy; and Msgr. Ford, M.M., of Kaying.

The vast cathedral was decorated with banyan leaves, flowers, and flags. The edifice was crowded, and hundreds of people were unable to enter. The choir was made up of students from the Canton Seminary, and five from our Junior Seminary at Kongmoon were also present.

After the ceremony, all proceeded to the lawn in front of the college to be photographed.

Bishop Yeung then gave audience to thousands of his native countrymen, some of whom had traveled four and five days' journey to do him honor.

A foreign dinner was served at 2:30 in the afternoon, and a Chinese banquet in the evening. Our party had to leave early, however, to get the 4:30 boat back to Hong Kong.

It had been a glorious day for all.



SOUTH CHINA HAS ITS FIRST NATIVE BISHOP
July 26, 1931, when Bishop Boniface Yeung was consecrated as Auxiliary to Bishop Fourquet of Canton, was a red letter day for the Catholics of South China. During the years of his priestly ministry, Bishop Yeung has proved himself a great converter of souls

ALONG THE MARYKNOLL TRAIL,



THE DEDICATION OF THE LITTLE FLOWER SEMINARY AT KONGMOON. During his visit to Kongmoon, the Maryknoll Superior General dedicated Bishop Walsh's Junior Seminary. In the background are some of the Seminary's Chinese priest-aspirants. They now number over one hundred.

SANCIAN, HOINGAN, TANON, AND FUTURE CHINESE PRIESTS

By the V. Rev. James Anthony Walsh, M. Ap., of Boston, Mass.,
Superior General of Maryknoll

LAST month's installment of the Maryknoll Superior General's most recent travel log—written during his 1931 visitation of the Society's mission fields—left him chugging over the South China Sea in "The Crusader" towards Sancian Island.

"The Crusader" motor boat was given to Fr. Constantine F. Burns, M.M., of Toledo, Ohio, the pastor of Sancian Island, through the generous efforts of Msgr. Frank A. Thill, of the *Catholic Students' Mission Crusade*. It has made the lot of the Sancian missionary less isolated; and enabled Fr. Burns to go over to the mainland of China to fetch his welcome guest.

In the following paragraphs Fr. Walsh records his memories of the Sancian visit.

Where Xavier Died—

Sancian has been often described by Maryknollers, but no one of us will

ever pass the Memorial Chapel that rises at the harbor entrance without a thrill, as he reflects on its historical importance.

This is indeed a holy Shrine that should radiate grace, and doubtless does, though not on the island itself.

There is a Japanese proverb that *it is dark in the shadow of the candle*—and this applies to Sancian.

Our little boat was now chugging towards the mission chapel, which stands at the foot of the harbor.

There was nobody in sight. Fr. Burns made no comment other than to suggest that, in view of our early departure the next morning, we should go directly to the Shrine.

The Shrine was much as I had seen it ten years before—dilapidated; but this condition is only temporary. When Bishop Dunn, the Auxiliary of New York, visited Sancian, he, together with his companion, the late Father Cushman, arranged for the restoration of this chapel. Plans were studied and preparations made to start work, when the island pastor, Fr. Burns, fell ill. Happily, he has recovered; and the restoration will be pushed as soon as the typhoon season is over.

We mounted the high steps leading to the chapel, and approached the door. It was locked, and the key was at the mission; but we found that Vandals had been on the premises and had even occupied the chapel, having entered through a broken window opening. We followed their lead, I with special difficulty; but we gained entrance, and studied anew the problem of repairs—discussing also that of protection.

Sad is Sancian, but there is a glimmer of hope. In the meantime, prayers must be secured from devout people in the homeland for the spiritual development of this precious Christian heritage.

Hoingan—

The following morning, we boarded "The Crusader" and set our course for the mainland—bound for Hoingan and Tanon, the missions of Fr. LePrelle, of Buffalo, N. Y., and Fr. Mueth, of St. Louis, Mo., respectively.

In less than two hours, we were at the mouth of the river, which we mounted for another hour, anchoring at a convenient point of departure for a chair ride to Hoingan.

After three-quarters of an hour, we were in sight of Hoingan—no mean city. As we neared the outskirts, I was not surprised to see what resembled a company of soldiers, in formation and at drill.

These turned out to be Fr. LePrelle's schoolboys—some one hundred and fifty—clad in a kind of Boy Scout uniform, and waiting to receive the "noble guests". I happened to be in the first chair, and was honored with the first volley of firecrackers. I bowed low, thankful to have both eyes intact.

Then the band played its four notes backward and forward; marching orders were given; and, lifting their little knees towards the sky, the young soldiers goose-stepped to and through the city gate.

The town came to life as we passed through its alleys. Frequent explosions of firecrackers brought out men, women, children, cats, dogs, pigs, and hens to look at us in wonderment.

The Church compound at Hoingan looks well in a photograph, but it is much restricted, with a lumber yard darkening the chapel on one side and a public alley on the other.

However, it is very much alive with school, crèche, and catechumenate; its record of success is already enviable.

Hoingan, like Kochow, is blessed with an unusually capable catechist. This man, still young, has recently been instrumental in the conversion of eighty excellent people in a neighboring village.

The Hoingan chief of police, much impressed with the procession, sent his card in the afternoon, and offered an escort of soldiers for our trip to Tanon on the next morning.

Tanon—

This we accepted, and thereby secured "face" all along the line, to and including Tanon. From a distance across the rice fields we could see the Christians standing at the gate in anticipation, and characteristic smiles accompanied their *God bless you* as we entered.

Our stay at Tanon was only for a couple of hours; and, while Fr. Mueth made the circuit of the village with me, I missed a brilliant tongue battle between two Chinese women, just behind the mission compound. It threatened to end in a tragedy, but the appearance of our soldier escort calmed the turbulent passions and separated the ladies; doubtless to the disappointment of the villagers, who, having no movies to attend, welcome a little action from time to time.

After lunch, the Christians gathered again for final blessings, and we set out for Kongmoon, the Center of the first Vicariate confided to Maryknoll. Most of the trip was made this time by rail.

Future Chinese Priests—

Our train made unusually good time, and landed us at the Cathedral City of the Kongmoon Vicariate while the sun was yet high. It was an inspiration to be greeted at the compound entrance not only by our priests and a group of American Vincentians, but by no fewer than eighty young students, the hope of the Church in this Maryknoll sector of China.

We passed through the lines of little black-gowned aspirants to the priesthood and into the chapel, where, after a prayer in common, the customary blessing was given, and we settled down to enjoy our brief stay.

The chapel, which is actually the Cathedral of Kongmoon, is Chinese in construction, outside and within. It was designed by Bro. Albert Staubli, a Maryknoll Auxiliary. The details are studied, and, though inexpensive, very interesting. This is the church, some of our friends will recall, for which ground was broken by Bishop McGinley, of Fresno, Calif.; later Bishop Dunn, of New York, laid the cornerstone.

Since then another building has been added to the group on the Center compound, so that from Kongmoon may develop two most important activities—the training of native priests, and the formation of a native sisterhood. Thus, early in its history, Maryknoll would emphasize the idea that its priests, Brothers, and Sisters have crossed the ocean to China, just as sons and daughters of Europe once came to America, to help others to help themselves—in other words to give the Church in China a start, anticipating the day when there will be enough Chinese bishops, priests, Brothers, and Sisters to direct and nourish the Catholic Faith in that vast country.

That night the young seminarians

gave us a reception, with speeches in Latin, Chinese, and English—followed by one of Msgr. Benson's plays, in Latin.

A Dedication—

Bishop Walsh is constantly planning for future developments, at the Center, and elsewhere. The day following our arrival at the Center, a new building was blessed. This building was first intended to serve as a Novitiate for native Sisters, for which purpose a generous donation had been made by a New York benefactor. Gradually the plan evolved into a structure too large and too expensive for the Novitiate, but in every way suited for the growing Seminary.

The decision was then realized—to transfer the eighty students to the new building, and to house the Novitiate in the former Seminary, until a smaller building suited to the Sisters' purpose can be erected.

When the Sisters are settled in their final Novitiate, their temporary home will become a printing and publication establishment.

From Kongmoon we took the boat to Hong Kong, and thus finished the first of five visitations.



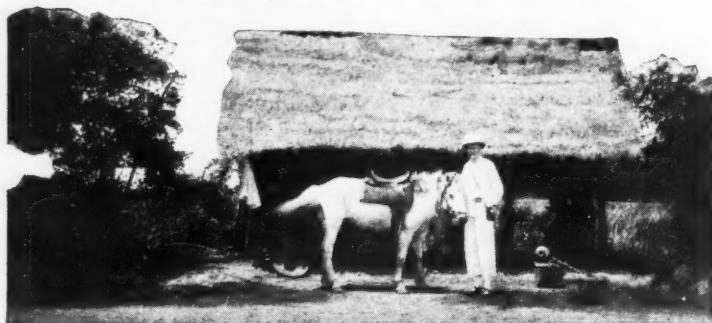
THE FAREWELL AT THE MISSION GATE

The Homeland Father of the Maryknoll flock gives his parting blessing. Behind him, the Shepherd of Kongmoon smiles proudly on his Chinese seminarians and their zealous professors

HAVE BEEN MINDFUL OF HIS APOSTLES IN THE FIELDS AFAR.

A Year's Gleanings in Kwangsi

By the V. Rev. Bernard F. Meyer, M.M., of Davenport, Iowa, Acting-Superior of the Maryknoll Wuchow Mission in South China



Fr. Arthur F. Dempsey, M.M., of Peekskill, N. Y., stops with "Spark Plug", Fr. Meyer's famous nag, at a wayside inn



MARYKNOLL-IN-KWANGSI was erected by Rome last year as a separate Mission, the Prefecture Apostolic of Wuchow. This Maryknoll South China field has a population of about three million, and is larger than the Irish Free State.

It occupies the eastern sector of a Province which has long been considered one of the most arduous and arid in the great Republic of China; the ratio of its Catholics to its general population being even less than that in Tibet. But Maryknollers in the Wuchow Mission are reaping the fruits of the heroic labors and sacrifices of their French predecessors, and are recording remarkable progress.

The Harvest—

Since 1927, when Maryknollers began intensive work in the Prefecture Apostolic of Wuchow, the number of Catholics has risen from 365 to 1,448. The greater number of these converts are inhabitants of the county of Pingnam, which now has more Catholics than any other county in the whole of Kwangsi Province.

All our missionaries agree that a large share of these results must be credited to the good work of native catechists. As the numbers of our converts increase, we must provide for their instruction in the Christian life by em-

ploying and training more catechists—both men and women. Fifteen dollars is the monthly wage of one of these devoted Chinese apostles; not much, perhaps, but more than the missionary could afford were it not for Christlike hearts in the homeland.

The Church of China—

Our young Mission is not unmindful of its foremost duty and privilege, the training of native priests for the Church of China.

Wuchow seminarians at present number sixteen, all of whom are, through the kindness of Bishop Walsh, pursuing their studies at the Kongmoon Seminary. It will not be long, however, before Bishop Walsh's Seminary will be overcrowded; and we are seeking a site on which to erect our own school of apostles.

Two nuns from the Chinese Community of the Immaculate Conception at Canton have been graciously loaned by their Superior to the Wuchow Mission, and are training in the religious life a small group of young women who will form the nucleus of a native sisterhood.

Wuchow—

In the large city of Wuchow on the West River a house was purchased last year in anticipation of the coming of the Maryknoll Sisters, who have been invited by the local Red Cross to take

over the direction of the pagan orphanage.

Much of the resident Maryknoller's attention has been given to ministering to the spiritual needs of the little community of foreigners in Wuchow, composed of business men and customs' officials with their families.

A class in English for Chinese young men was conducted every evening, and proved a valuable means of making contacts. The Wuchow catechist was zealously active, and hopes are high that not for much longer will our largest city merit the title of "City of no Conversions".

Pingnam—

Pingnam registered over four hundred Baptisms, and has an even larger number of catechumens preparing for the Sacrament.

The Bishop of Canton has very kindly loaned us a Chinese priest of long experience, who assists in the direction of the students at our St. Ambrose Hostel, and also of the Pingnam catechist school.

Topong—

At Topong, forty-six adults were baptized. The mud-walled chapel, mission residence, and school were completed.

The people of the Topong district, simple, hardy mountaineers, are very friendly towards the Catholic priest.

Watlam—

Watlam is the second largest city of the Mission, ranking next to Wuchow. This district was opened about thirty years ago by a French priest, and a large number of Chinese enrolled as catechumens. The Father became ill, however, and was recalled to France before the instruction of the catechumens had been finished.

When Maryknoll missionaries went to Watlam, only a few of the former catechumens came to bid them welcome. Recently a new movement towards the Faith has begun, and Watlam had twenty Baptisms during the past year.

Jungyun—

Jungyun is the third largest city of the Mission. It was originally a frontier fortress of the Chinese against the

aboriginal tribes of upper Kwangsi; and is still today a fastness—a stronghold of Buddhism. Here, in this city of pagan temples, and surrounded by mountains covered with Buddhist monasteries, Mass was celebrated for the first time in Jungyun's history by Maryknoll's Fr. Mark Tennien, of Pittsford, Vt.

Fr. Tennien met at first with considerable hostility, but now reports that many are showing interest in the Church.

Our Apostolic Partners—

The Wuchow missionaries are fully conscious of our incalculable debt of gratitude to our benefactors. Practically all are readers of *THE FIELD AFAR*, and through its pages have come to know of our needs. Several Maryknoll Circles and a number of individuals have given us aid in the support of our native catechists, a help which has been the more deeply appreciated because it has been regular and sustained.

WHY NOT?

AS THE Infant Savior stretches out His little Hands to you from the Crib, you wonder what gift you can best place in them. Listen awhile, in the silence of the Holy Night.

It may be that the gift He asks of you is the gift of yourself, as an apostle to those who have never heard the Good Tidings of Great Joy.

The Pontifical Society for the Propagation of the Faith made Wuchow a generous grant last year, in view of the special needs of this new Mission.

Many have assured us of their prayers, and we know that many others are praying for us who have not signified their intention. To one and all we express heartfelt thanks.

Where Time Presses—

A holy impatience is the lot of the Wuchow missionaries, as it has ever been the lot of the apostle to a pagan people. How can the missionary not yearn for the means to reach so many souls whom he sees going out of this life without any knowledge of God? It is as if one were to ask him to proceed slowly in saving men from a sinking ship.

One of our priests was preaching recently to a group of catechumens on the necessity and effects of Baptism. After his sermon a Chinese came to the missionary and said with great sadness, "If we had only known about the Church six months sooner, my father would not have died without Baptism. My heart is broken at the thought of what he has lost."



WUCHOW MISSION CATECHISTS ASSEMBLED AT PINGNAM FOR THEIR ANNUAL RETREAT

To this zealous body of Chinese men and women is due much of the gratifying progress in the Wuchow sector of Kwangsi. The women wearing crosses are native nuns loaned to the Mission by their Superior in Canton. Seated in the center foreground are Fr. Mark A. Tennien, of Pittsford, Vt., and Fr. Meyer, the Retreat Masters

IN PAGAN CHINA OR KOREA,

A Great Catholic Venture in China

By the V. Rev. James Anthony Walsh, M.A., of Boston, Mass., Superior General of Maryknoll



DURING the Maryknoll Superior General's recent visitation of his Society's mission fields in the Orient, he made a stop-over in Peiping, where he saw for the first time the development of the Catholic University, an American mission venture of vital importance for the progress of the Church in China.

In the account which follows, Father Walsh records his impressions of the activities of the American Benedictines in China.

A Surprise—

My purpose in going to Peiping was to get first-hand information about the new Catholic University, and I was not disappointed. Rather was I astounded as the development of seven short years unfolded itself.

The plan of the building is a double rectangle, with inner quadrangles, around which are grouped classrooms, laboratories, students' rooms, and so forth. The central section contains spacious reading rooms, an auditorium that will seat one thousand persons, and administrative offices.

Four towers, crowned like the centre with sloping roofs in green tile, make a fine contrast to the grey walls, and harmonize the building with other architectural monuments of the old capital.

The Faculty—

Happily, I found at the University the Rector, Dr. George Barry O'Toole, to whose initiative and unstinted activities this University owes much; the Chancellor, Dom Francis Clougherty, O.S.B.; the Prior, Dom Ildephonse Brandstetter, O.S.B.; and the noted priest-architect, Dom Adelbert Gresnigt, O.S.B.

I had met Dr. O'Toole at Rome, in 1911, when Maryknoll was first seeing the light, and Dr. O'Toole was a se-



DOM FRANCIS CLOUGHERTY,
O.S.B., OF BRADDOCK, PA.

Dom Francis has succeeded the late Archabbot Aurelius Stehle, of St. Vincent Archabbey, Latrobe, Pa., as Chancellor of the Peiping University

nior student at the American College. He was even then interested in the Far East, so much so that our late revered Father Price and I looked upon him as a "prospect".

Fr. Clougherty, now Dom Francis, has succeeded the late Archabbot Aurelius Stehle as Chancellor of the University, and to meet him was to feel at home immediately.

Dom Ildephonse knows America and Americans. He is Prior of the house.

Of Dom Adelbert Gresnigt I had heard much, and had seen the fruit of his unusual talent in South China. It was good to meet him, and many others—Benedictines, and their associate professors.

A Cultural Influence—

I had followed with much interest

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the rise of this University, not only because it was an American venture of which all American Catholics should be proud, but because it marked a vital step in the progress of the Church in China—the addition of a cultural influence in this vast country that is rapidly loosing its bonds and turning its eyes Westward for instruction.

I had read occasional news items about the University, and had looked over its *Bulletins*, as they appeared; but, like many others, I had not visualized the reality, hence my surprise.

I will not here attempt a description, other than to say that not a corner was disappointing—the former palace, with its halls scattered over eleven acres in the heart of Peiping; the chapel, once a temple, with its Oriental altars; the living quarters of the former owner (uncle of the deposed Emperor), where Middle School Juniors now live and study; the extensive garden, lined part way with a covered walk nearly seven hundred feet long, broken only by a rockery crowned with an Oriental pavilion.

Had I seen no more, I should have been well impressed with all of these features, but across a narrow driveway I was ushered into the courtyard of a new building that made me gasp.

A Thing of Beauty—

Maryknoll-on-the-Hudson surprises visitors, it is true, but the Maryknoll Center House is yet unfinished. Two roughly cement-plastered exterior walls facing the village of Ossining proclaim to the world that they yearn for a completion; while the tower still longs for the Chapel that one day is to spring from its side.

But here, in this ancient Chinese city, was a massive finished building, a thing of beauty—thanks to Dom Adelbert, its architect—a veritable "show place" in a city of world-wide interest.

An admirable combination of Oriental and Western architecture, the new structure wins approval immediately, but it takes time to grasp its scale and its details.

The façade is more than four hundred and fifty feet long, with a main

AS A GIFT TO YOUR NEW-BORN KING,

entrance simple but imposing.

The Student Body—

The student enrollment for the present scholastic year is seven hundred and six—double that of last year. One hundred and fifty-eight of these are Catholics, some in the Middle Schools (Junior and Senior), others in the University proper.

The Benedictine Fathers supply fifteen professors, who are assisted by eight other Westerners, clerical and lay, and by forty-seven native Chinese teachers, distributed in the various departments of the University.

Athletic fields are generously provided, and the teams are already making enviable records. How all this has been accomplished in a few years is little short of a miracle. Evidently God wanted it done, and that is how its organizers feel about it—just as we do about Maryknoll.

To one American layman, however, will be given the enviable credit of having made possible the opening, in 1925, of the University's first school, that of Chinese studies.

This benefactor is Mr. Theodore F. MacManus, a well-known business man

of Detroit, who, in recognition of his gift, has been made a Knight of St. Gregory by Pope Pius XI.

And to all the Benedictine abbeys of the American-Cassinese Congregation belongs the further credit of a united support of this laudable enterprise.

We stayed overnight at the University; and in the evening I met a group of Chinese boys who had been directed there from Maryknoll missions in the South. These boys were giving full satisfaction, and promise of furnishing our missionaries with well-equipped young laymen as future helpers. Incidentally, I learned that one of the Maryknoll contingent, besides having an excellent student record, is a valuable addition to the football team.

Prosit Fu Jen!—

Prosit Fu Jen—Catholic University of Peiping! I should like to write more on it, to tell of its many courses of study, its press and its publications; but I must hasten on, hopeful and confident that, in the august words of the Holy Father, this institution will make a "contribution to the rebirth of China".

The providential Apostolic Delegate

to China, His Excellency, the Most Rev. Celso Costantini, sounded this note at the cornerstone laying, when His Excellency said:

China is being renewed from her very foundation. We have faith in a vigorous rebirth of this immense people, in spite of the turbid currents that still agitate and torment them.

When we behold monuments of their ancient greatness, such as the Temple of Heaven, the Imperial Palace at Peiping, and the Temple of Confucius in Shantung, we are thrilled with profound emotion. We cannot but think that people who were capable of creating monuments such as these—if under the admonition of the Holy Father, Pius XI, they persevere in the ways of justice and order—are destined to have a future rebirth.

With impressions deeply satisfying, and with remembrance of many fraternal courtesies, we left Peiping. My one regret was that I could not renew impressions of my earlier visit in 1917, when it was my privilege to stay at the Peitang, and observe the Catholic mission life in those historic surroundings.

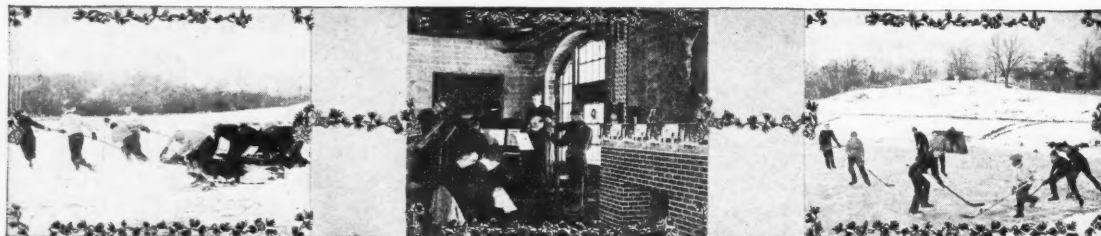


THE NEW BUILDING OF THE CATHOLIC UNIVERSITY OF PEIPING

An admirable combination of Oriental and Western architecture, a veritable "show place" in a city of world-wide interest

SUSTAIN A KINDLER OF THE LIGHTS, A MARYKNOLL MISSIONER,

Christmastide At The Mother Knoll



LIKE most Christians in temperate zones, we are always glad to have a coverlet of snow on the ground for our Lord's Birthday. And some of us are not at all

sorry to see ice on the ponds of our kind neighbors.

The outdoor life appeals to our aspirant missionaries in winter as well as in the other seasons, and they make the most of it.

Maryknollers who follow the trail of Christ in Manchuria or Korea need not envy the students of today their opportunity to ski and skate in winter months; but others, who have not seen snow since they left their Alma Mater, will ask themselves how it must feel to be making circles with skates, and coasting over whitened fields.

And all of our overseas confrères will recall, as they habitually do, the joys of Christmastide at

the "old Knoll"—the Midnight Mass, Santa and his "wise-cracks", the chimney corner with its fire place (a triumph of home talent), and the songs and speeches. Most of all, however, will their memory linger on the atmosphere of peace, soul satisfying, because it was the Christ Child's gift.

Our Christmas Mail—

CHRISTMAS mail will always mean much to the Maryknoller, whether he is an aspirant or a full-fledged missionary out on the field.

The only Maryknoller who opens his mail at Christmastide without assured happiness in the result is the man who must face the presentation of bills, and even he is usually spared until just after Christmas! So, like all the rest at the Home Center, he eagerly awaits the dispatch of the Christmas mail from the Maryknoll post office across lots to the Seminary.

On the mission field, this is liable to be a joy deferred, because so few people realize how long it takes for mail to cross the Pacific and find its terminus in some interior town or village. Nevertheless, it does sometimes arrive in good season—bringing gifts that spell devotion and sacrifice, and hearten the recipients more than can ever be visioned by those "back home".

Boxes of candy and plum pudding have not been forgotten in the past; but, with the custom barriers now thrown up in China, the money gift is best of all.



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Which Will It Be?—

MERRY CHRISTMAS, or *A Happy New Year*, which of these will be our first greeting to our Sisters in their new home across the road?

They have been moving contractors (not to say heaven and earth), in an attempt to leave their scattered dwellings on the Seminary compound and go across the street to start life anew, with all under one roof. Will they succeed? We don't know, but we have an idea that by hook or crook they will hear Midnight Mass in the long needed and much desired *Mother-House*.

This will mark a decided change in life at Maryknoll, since it will return houses and grounds that will serve special purposes of the Seminary.

We venture to say that the Sisters will miss their crowded quarters and the grounds that were dear to them; and for a while the old compound will look lonely, without groups of smiling postu-



THOSE WELCOME GREETINGS! The Maryknoll postmistress is always popular with her Sisters, but at this season of the year her approach over snow-carpeted paths is universally hailed and acclaimed

YOU can save, and we shall be favored, if you make use of the Maryknoll gift list this holiday season.

A book, a Chi Rho pin or ring, mission souvenirs, embroideries for Church or home—these are at your call.

lants, white-veiled novices, and the more sedate professed Sisters.

But life is a succession of changes, and one who does not learn the value of adaptability will have no cheerful outlook as a Maryknoller.

To our Sisters, then, as they leave the compound, we wish a *Merry Christmas* in the new *Mother-House*; and, in any event, we hope to extend to them across the road *A Happy New Year*!

Autumn Ordinations—

THIS autumn there were Ordinations in the Seminary chapel, when His Excellency, Bishop Dunn, Auxiliary of New York, gave Tonsure to eleven Maryknoll clerics, Minor Orders to others, and the Diaconate to eighteen, including three from the Diocesan Seminary at Dunwoodie.

A Japanese Priest—

IN recent years several young Japanese priests, educated in Rome, have passed through this country when returning to their native land. They have naturally halted at Maryknoll, and, invariably, we have been deeply impressed by them.

The latest traveler was Fr. Paul Taguchi, of the Diocese of Tokyo.

Fr. Taguchi has passed eight years in Rome, which he left with Doctorates in Philosophy, Sacred Theology, and Canon Law. During the last few years he has served as interpreter with the Holy Father for notable Japanese visitors at Rome, including the



THE MARYKNOLL SANTA

Ask the neighbors' children about the Maryknoll Santa! His eyes twinkle so merrily from behind his "make-up" that no one would ever suspect they are visioning the pagan little ones of Far Cathay

brother of the Emperor.

This young priest speaks English, French, and Italian with fluency.

Orientbound—

A FEW weeks later, over at the Sisters' chapel, a little group, supplementing the larger number who left for the missions last summer, sang their Departure Hymn, and went out joyfully to gather their sheaves.

At the ceremony an address was given by Monsignor Griffin, Newark Diocesan Director of the *Society for the Propagation of the Faith*.

The outgoing Sisters were: Sr. M. Grace Koch, of Philadelphia, Pa., to Honolulu; Sr. M. Rose of Lima Robinson, of Jersey City, N. J., to Korea; Sr. Catherine Marie Hart, of E. Lansdowne, Pa., to Honolulu; and Sr. Anthony Marie Unitas, of Pottsville, Pa., to South China.

EVEN IF YOU CAN AFFORD BUT A DAY'S SUPPORT,

THE FIELD AFAR

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with all subscriptions.)

TO THOSE WHO LOVE GOD ALL THINGS
WORK TOGETHER FOR GOOD

BETHLEHEM, and its lack of creature comforts for the Infant, has a deeper significance this year for many who find themselves poor.

May Jesus give every needed help to those who pray at His Crib, and may He inspire the wealthy and powerful with the sense of their stewardship.

A blessed Christmastide to all our friends!

Lift up your gates, O ye princes, and be ye lifted up, O eternal gates; and the King of glory shall enter in.

"A GREAT event" is anticipated in December at Goa, on the West Coast of India.

From the third of December, the Feast of St. Francis Xavier, until January 3, 1932, the revered body of the incomparable Apostle of the Indies and Japan will be exposed for veneration.

The body of the great missionary remains after centuries incorrupt, and the rare occasions upon which it may be seen draw thousands of pilgrims to Goa.

THE Twenty-fifth Anniversary of THE FIELD AFAR follows very closely on the Twentieth of



STRINGS, OR STRINGLESS?

NO KOREAN gentleman likes a stringless hat. The strings, jauntily tied under his chin, are the height of masculine fashion in the Land of the Morning Calm; and, besides, they are very useful when the wind blows and treacherous mudpuddles collect the rain in Main Street.

But Maryknollers do not share the Korean Beau Brummell's love of strings—at least not where *gifts* are concerned. The gift which helps the missions most is of the "stringless" variety; such a gift is available for the most urgent among a thousand and one needs.

Maryknoll. It will surprise some of our friends to know that THE FIELD AFAR was born in 1907, and Maryknoll four and a half years later.

In the life of the Church a quarter of a century is a short span; but, as periodicals appear and disappear, it is a fairly good test.

THE FIELD AFAR will pass its Silver Jubilee quietly enough, and will ask of its readers only a breath of prayer, and—one new subscriber.

The glory of the Lord shall be revealed; and all flesh shall see the salvation of our God.

TO the Immaculate Conception, Patroness of America, we turn on her Feast Day—the eighth

WORTHWHILE GIFTS

The selection of mission books will benefit your friends, yourself, and the mission cause. There are titles for all tastes and prices for all pocketbooks. See the back cover.

—with a special prayer for the Church in this country.

May the Catholics of the United States become increasingly mission-minded, actuated by a pure desire to extend the Faith to others, while strengthening it in ourselves.



WE are often asked these days if the general condition of unemployment has affected Maryknoll interests; and we can only answer, of course, that it has.

But when we think of the Chinese thousands and hundreds of thousands who so patiently bear the trials of famine, flood, and war—we dare not utter a word of complaint.

Nor have our own missionaries in China suffered directly from the afflictions that have been visited on certain sections of that vast country.

The great flood, and the internal disturbances have thrown on other shoulders the burden of relief efforts; but we shall be glad and grateful to serve as the channels of any offerings for the destitute of what is surely today the most distressful country on this earth.

God be merciful to China!

This day is born to you a Savior, who is Christ the Lord, in the city of David.

WE of Maryknoll have tried to be mindful of our readers' troubles, and we will not add to them by publishing a list of woes.

Naturally our income has dropped considerably, but we live from day to day, and our faith should be strong—because our work is for God.

In these days we look only for necessities, the wherewithal to continue the training of aspirant apostles and to keep up the monthly support of our missionaries. This is the *Handful of Straw* which we ask to be laid in the Crib.

YOU WILL HAVE DONE YOUR PART IN SPREADING

A SPECIAL joy fills the heart of the priest who is called upon to be the first to offer the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass in some remote corner of the earth.

It is *his* turn to be the pioneer, to plant the Cross a little further, and to prepare for the twinkling of another sanctuary lamp.

Such has been the privilege of several Maryknoll missionaries, among them Frs. Francis Bridge and Joseph Sweeney, whose experiences at Antu in Manchuria appear in this issue.

**Glory to God in the highest;
and on earth peace to men of
goodwill.**

ELSEWHERE in this issue will be noted a reference to the Catholic University of Peiping. Universities are cities seated upon the hills. Their outlook is broad, for the simple reason that they view from a height.

A Catholic university in any country is not only a blessing; it is a necessity—a watchtower signaling danger, and pointing to opportunity for the better service of God and man.

We Catholics of America should be proud of what the Catholic University of Washington has done and is doing (handicapped as it is) for the Church in this country.

What the University at Washington is trying to do for the Church in America, the Catholic University at Peiping would accomplish—at present in a necessarily restricted measure—for the Church in China.

The Superior General of Maryknoll often remarks that nothing so impressed him on his recent visitation of missions in the Orient as the new venture at Peiping. Read his article on page 334.

**And the Word was made flesh,
and dwelt among us (and we
saw His glory, the glory as of
the only-begotten of the
Father) full of grace and truth.**



KOREAN WORSHIPERS SEE HIS STAR IN THE EAST AND COME
TO ADORE HIM

Drawing by Louis Chang, a young Korean whose studies in the United States were sponsored by Maryknoll. Since his return to his native land, his rendering of Christian subjects in the Korean style has attracted the attention of art authorities in Europe

A CHRISTMAS HYMN

BETHLEHEM, city of bread!

The Bread of Life in thee, this morn,

Is of the Father and of Mary born.
Angels of heaven, your sweet lays
upraise;

Sing for the Infant and Ancient of Days.

Here lies no stranger.
The Child in the manger
Smiles as a God.

Prophets rejoice, prophets rejoice!

Your eyes have held for Israel

Him Who for us is Emmanuel.

What is the splendor that shines in the
skies?

Earth's newborn Infant shall have
Mary's eyes.

Mourning and sin shall cease;

God sends the Prince of Peace—

Jesus is born.

—J.M.D.

our knowledge, a few Chinese are at present studying for degrees in Catholic institutions of our country; but, oh, how slow we have been to realize our opportunities!

The future leaders of the Orient come and go, returning to their native land with little if any knowledge of Catholic life in this country—often, indeed, with the impression that the Catholic Church is very poorly represented here.

**And the Gentiles shall walk
in Thy light, and kings in the
brightness of Thy rising.**

WHEREVER and whenever parochialism absorbs the entire loyalty and generosity of its members, faith is weakened and generosity becomes stunted. Parochialism freezes the broader and higher Catholic ideal, and limits the Catholic horizon. — Bishop Schrems, to the Holy Name Society of Cleveland.

A RECENT issue of *The China Weekly Review* gives the names of two hundred Chinese students who received degrees in the United States last spring.

A scrutiny of the list reveals no one from a Catholic college. To

THE LUMEN CHRISTI, THE DIVINE LIGHT OF FAITH.

The First Christmas at Antu, Outp

By Fr. Francis A. Bridge, M.M., of Midway, Pa.



Fr. Bridge and Dr. Wang, his catechist, outside an inn along the Changpai trail



WHEN we headed north for Antu, the cold was intense, between forty-five and fifty degrees below zero; but there was a steady glow in our hearts—we were bringing to this city on the further side of the great Changpai Forest its first Christmas.

White men had never before

penetrated to certain sections of this northeastern part of the Maryknoll Manchurian field, and the natives marveled at our height. Fr. Joseph Sweeney, M.M., of New Britain, Conn., now pastor of Linkiang in Manchuria, is six feet three inches tall, and I am only an inch shorter. The third member of our party was our head catechist, Dr. Wang, a Chinese doctor and a most zealous apostle.

The Cradle of a Dynasty—

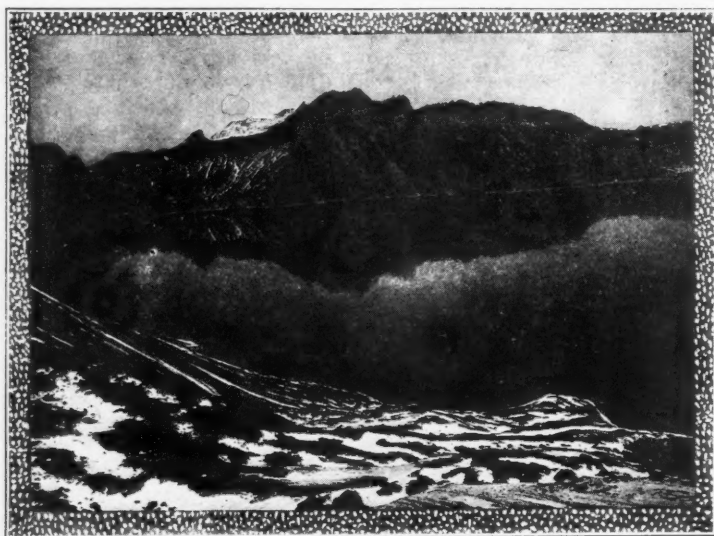
Our trail led us through the dense Changpai Forest, where three hundred years ago Nurhachu, the founder of the Manchurian Dynasty, formed the hunters and fishers of this wild region into an army, and started on the victorious trek which finally landed his grandson in Peking, as Emperor of the Middle Kingdom.

Mules drew our *pali*, a Chinese sled of very simple construction. On two occasions when we were descending mountains, the *pali* was smashed to splinters, and we had to make a new sled ourselves. We were able both times to roll off the *pali* into the snow before the crash came; and the mules were fortunately uninjured.

There were no houses along the forest trail, only inns, at an average of thirty-five miles distance apart. These "inns" were such primitive shelters that we could not purchase any food from their keepers. However, we had brought with us supplies of rice, wild pig, venison and fungus. A little hot water for our coffee, a corner on the *k'ang* (heated mud-brick bed), and we would not have exchanged quarters with any Vanderbilt or Rockefeller under the sun.

Bandits—

Before starting on this journey to our northernmost Manchurian



ON THE WAY TO ANTU IS "OLD WHITE MOUNTAIN"



TRAVELERS FROM MONGOLIA ARE SOME TIMES EN

Outpost of Maryknoll-in-Manchuria

of Midway Pa., Maryknoll missionary in Manchuria

mission, we had been warned that the Changpai Forest glades are infested with bandits. Nurhachu's descendants have not abandoned the traditions of the old bandit leader. They consider the lonely trail their exclusive hunting ground, and attack even post office carriers, though the Chinese in general have the greatest respect for the mail.

At a certain inn along the way, Dr. Wang entered to find sleeping quarters for the night. He came out rather quickly, and told us to keep on going—the inn was full of bandits. All of them, how-

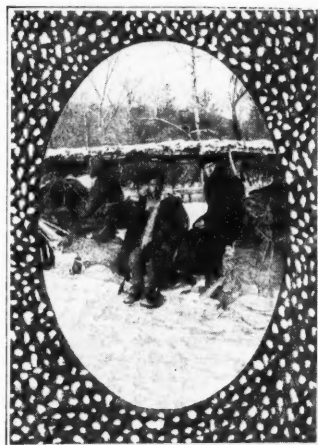
ever, were under the influence of opium, and had not grasped the fact that two "foreign devils" were nearby.

The afternoon was already half over, and we did not relish the prospect of hours of darkness in the forest depths; but we needed no urging to forego the pleasure of making the bandits' acquaintance. This was the nearest we came to the Changpai "gentlemen of fortune" during the entire trip, which required a month and a half on the road.

Old White Mountain—

Our trail wound around the base of Lao Pai Shan, "Old White Mountain", a lofty volcanic peak, of weird and impressive beauty. Poisonous fish without eyes and with scales like spikes inhabit the lake in Lao Pai Shan's crater, according to local belief; and Manchurian mythology has centered legends around this wild majesty of rock and water.

We were told that ginseng of great value grows on Lao Pai Shan's slopes, but in well nigh inaccessible places. The root of this plant is thought by the Chinese to be a most powerful medicine, and its efficacy increases with age. A



The PALI, a Chinese sled of primitive make, affords little protection from zero temperatures

ginseng root about eight inches long can be sold for as much as a hundred and fifty dollars.

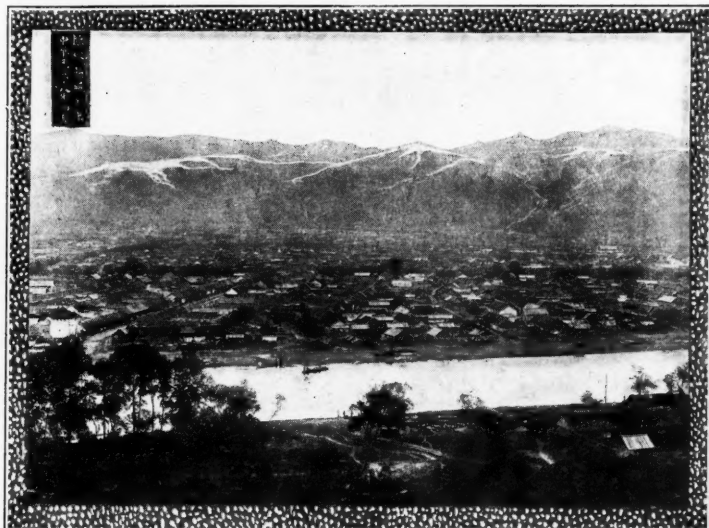
Antu—

We reached Antu on the evening of December twenty-third, and spent the night in an inn just outside the city walls.

On the following morning we could discover no suitable spot in which to say Mass. The inn was



SOME OF THE BANDITS ENCOUNTERED ON MANCHU TRAILS



FUSUNG, ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF CHANGPAI FOREST

full, and all its occupants were dressing, washing, or eating. The *k'ang* fire place had no chimney, so the entire building was filled with smoke.

After breakfast we visited all Antu's officials, and met with a most cordial reception. Dr. Wang went out to look for Christians who might have emigrated to Antu from China proper or Korea. Before the end of the day, we were able to rent from an old couple a little private room which they occupied at the inn.

Christ Comes to Antu—

On the morning of December 25, 1930, the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass was celebrated for the first time in this Manchurian city—our Christmas gift to Antu.

While we were saying our first Christmas Masses, Dr. Wang again went out into the streets of the town in search of Christians. He found four, and brought them to the little room at the rear of the inn in time for our third Masses.

The scene was not unlike that first Christmas, over nineteen hundred years ago, in Bethlehem of Judea. There were the mud walls and the earthen floor. The altar to which Christ came down for the first time in Antu was a box in which fodder had been kept for the oxen. There were no rich linens, and His priests cupped the Sacred Chalice of His Blood in their hands in order to keep It from freezing. The four Chinese who knelt adoring took the place of the shepherds of long ago, and their chanted prayers were an echo of the angels singing their *Gloria in excelsis Deo*.

A Wanderer Reaches Home—

While the four Christians were chanting their prayers, a Chinese passing by the inn heard the sound. He listened for a moment in amazement and dawning hope, then hastening to the little room he knocked at the door and entered.

He was a Christian from south of the Great Wall, and had not



ARCHBISHOP GUSTAVE MUTEL,
VICAR APOSTOLIC OF SEOUL,
KOREA

When this venerable French missionary entered Korea disguised as a native mourner, in 1877, the Church in the peninsula was still in the catacombs. Korean Catholics at present number well over one hundred thousand

seen a priest since he had left his home ten years ago. The tears of joy of this man alone would have been ample recompense for any hardships of the Changpai trail.

Baptisms—

In the days which followed Christmas, we succeeded in locating a number of other Christians from China proper. Not a few

of them had instructed their children in the Faith, with the hope that some day God would send a priest to Antu.

So, on our first journey to this remote northern outpost of Maryknoll-in-Manchuria, we had the great happiness of several Baptisms.

The "Hao Tao"—

Many pagans came to visit us at the inn, and, after hearing Fr. Sweeney, Dr. Wang, and myself explain Catholic truths, gave us their names as catechumens, saying, "You have the *hao tao*, the good road."

There are six hundred Korean families in Antu, and Fr. Sweeney and Dr. Wang, both of whom speak Korean as well as Chinese, called on the leading Korean business man. This gentleman later gave us his own name and those of many of his compatriots as catechumens. He assured us that the whole Korean colony would enter the Church if we would send a priest to Antu.

The city officials repaid our visit, and twice invited us to an elaborate Chinese banquet.

A Farewell Plea—

The week at Antu came all too quickly to a close. A large group of Christians and catechumens accompanied us to the outskirts of the forest. There they renewed their petitions that we send them a priest, and build for them a church. We had to answer that for the present we could do neither; but promised to make known to mission lovers in the "Starry Flag" country their spiritual and material needs.

So, as we set out on the long return trek, we kept our eyes on faces already dear and familiar until a turn in the trail hid the bowing figures from our view.

But the farewell of the Antu flock followed us into the silent forest, it was a farewell which, in the heart of a priest, would echo forever: "Goodbye, Fathers, come back to us; do not forget our souls".

THE ANNUITY PLAN

THE missionary builds
for eternity. Do you?

The Maryknoll Annuity
Plan provides you with
income for time and eter-
nity. Inquire.

A Mission Centenary

By Fr. Hugh Craig, M.M., of Minneapolis, Minn., Maryknoll missionary in Korea

ON September twenty-sixth, the Feast of the Korean Martyrs, the Catholic Church in the peninsula celebrated the first centenary of the establishment of Korea as a missionary diocese.

The first general synod of the Korean ordinaries was convened at that time; and in the Pro-Cathedral of the capital His Excellency, Archbishop Mooney, the Apostolic Delegate to Japan, presided at the Pontifical Mass. His Excellency was also present at the great civic celebration on that day.

Bishop Bruguière, of the Paris Foreign Mission Society, who in 1831 was appointed the first Vicar Apostolic of Korea, never reached this "Land of Martyrs". He died on the way, and was buried in China. During the centenary celebrations in September, the remains of Bishop Bruguière were brought to Korea, and entombed on a hill overlooking the scene of the martyrdoms of his French successors.

When the first Korean Vicariate was erected, in 1831, there were in the peninsula eight thousand intrepid Catholics, but not a single priest, nor any Church property.

Now, a century later, after the terrible persecutions of 1839, 1846, and 1866, which, humanly speaking, bade fair to wipe out Christianity in Korea, the country has 110,728 native Catholics, sixty-five native priests, and ninety-five foreign missionaries, while Catholic activities are in a flourishing condition throughout the peninsula.

Archbishop Mutel, of the Paris Foreign Mission Society, the present Vicar Apostolic of Seoul, entered Korea in disguise, in 1880. At that time the Church of Korea was still in the catacombs. Archbishop Mutel's memoirs would be both interesting and precious; but

ONE PUZZLE SOLVED
How to remember many friends, with gifts of real value, at not too great a cost, may be your problem this year. If so, the Maryknoll Book List may be your solution. See the back cover.

he has devoted his energies to the preparation of the Korean and French martyrs' records, translating imperial decrees, edicts, and so forth, in view of the Roman process of their canonization.

During this centenary year of the missionary Church in Korea, our priests of the Maryknoll Peng Yang Prefecture Apostolic have experienced a mass movement of conversions. Greater numbers have been drawn to the Church than at any time since the arrival of Maryknollers in this field, in 1923; and each priest in the Mission is experiencing personally a fulfillment of the promise contained in Bishop Mutel's episcopal device, *Florete flores martyrum!* "Bring forth blossoms, ye flowers of the martyrs!"

Father Philip Taggart's Last Illness and Holy Death

A LETTER from Fr. Francis J. Connors, M.M., of Peabody, Mass., curate of Yeungkong, South China, at the time of Father Taggart's death, and who attended him in his last illness, has at length made the long journey to the Home Knoll.

We learn that our missionary complained of a sensation as if his ears were stopped a week before he died. The morning following these first symptoms he said Mass in the Sisters' chapel, and felt so faint that he could hardly stand to complete the Holy Sacrifice. From then on Father Taggart's sufferings increased, and he was unable to retain any solid nourishment.

He was taken to the home of the Presbyterian minister (a great friend of Father Taggart's, who at the time was absent from Yeungkong), and devotedly cared for by members of the Protestant Mission.



THE MARYKNOLL CHURCH AT SHINGISHU, A KOREAN FRONTIER TOWN ACROSS THE YALU RIVER FROM ANTUNG IN THE SOCIETY'S MANCHURIAN FIELD

This fine structure has drawn hundreds of non-Christians for a "look see", and not a few of these curious are now members of the True Fold

WIDEN THE CIRCLE OF MISSION INTEREST.

Fr. Connors writes:

On Monday night, August the third, I stayed right with Father Taggart; and, while he only slept for a few hours, still he was quite comfortable. He retained his liquid diet till early Tuesday morning, when he started vomiting again.

On Tuesday morning, at about 6:30, the Chinese Catholic Dr. Lee came to give him an injection of utropine into the veins. Doctor Lee then called me aside, and told me Father would be dead before the following morning. He said Father had a case of acute uremia, and that it was impossible to cure him; although he had done all that he possibly could.

I went back to the Mission immediately to get my Holy Oils, and so forth, in order to give Father the Last Sacraments. He was perfectly normal, and conscious, when I administered Extreme Unction; but I couldn't give him Holy Communion, because of his vomiting.

I stayed with him until about 11:30, when I returned to the Mission to get a bite to eat. Miss Rauch and Mr. Lewis had taken my place in the sick room. At about 1:15 our "boy" came in to say that Miss Rauch wanted me to come right away. Of course, I went immediately, and met her at the door. She said: "Father is dying rapidly, and wants you, so you had better stay with him."

As soon as I entered the room, Father knew me, and asked me to stay in the room with him. I sat by his bed saying prayers aloud, which he would repeat after me. After a while he started to say: *Jesus, Mary, and Joseph help me; My Jesus, mercy.* He kept this up till just before he died.

The Sisters came over, and brought the relics of St. Francis Xavier and the Little Flower, together with some Lourdes water. I pinned the relic of the Little Flower on his pajama coat, and put the other things near his pillow.

About 2:30 P.M. he said: "Write and tell my Father and Aunt Mary that I am sick, but will write to them later."

That was all—he passed away very calmly and peacefully, while the Sisters and myself stood there saying our Rosary, during which time Miss Rauch



JOYS OF THE VENARD WINTER CAMP

He may reach the bottom of the hill otherwise than he plans, but just now he is on the top of the world, and how!

and Mr. Lewis were helping him. He died at 2:30 P.M.

Miss Rauch and Mr. Lewis helped me to dress the body, and put on the Mass vestments. We then carried him downstairs on a stretcher, because we would have to wait until the following day for a coffin to be made.

I sent a telegram off to Bishop Walsh at once, as I had sent him one only a few hours previously asking if Dr. Blaber were coming. Since I was evidently exhausted for the want of food and sleep, Mr. and Mrs. Lewis and Miss Rauch said they would stay with the body, which they did.

A strong superstition among the pagans prevented the Christians from carrying the body of their beloved Shan-Foo (Spiritual Father) back to his earthly home. The body remained,

YOUR Christmas will be especially blessed if the Christ Child's Name is the first on your Christmas gift list.

therefore, at the house of Mr. Ady. We can not be too grateful for the uniform kindness of the members of the Canadian Presbyterian Mission.

I had planned on having the funeral on Friday, and had sent word to Fr. Bauer at Chiklung to that effect. But, after considering everything, I thought it best to say Mass for Father here on Wednesday, have the burial Wednesday afternoon, and then have the *Missa Cantata* on Friday, when Fr. Bauer would be here.

The coffin arrived about 9 A.M. on Wednesday; the Sisters lined it; while Miss Rauch prepared the body.

After placing the body in the coffin, we called the Christians in to see Father for the last time. Tears flowed freely, because they all realized that in losing Father they had lost a holy, zealous, and charitable priest.

At about four o'clock we started for the cemetery, where we buried Father Taggart—after blessing the ground and the body—in the plot next to Sister Gertrude.

Late Dispatches from Overseas

A MARYKNOLL Convent has been opened at Fushun, in Manchuria, with a small group of Sisters under the direction of Sr. M. Eunice Tolan, of Arlington, Mass.

The Kongmoon Vicariate Language School for newly arrived missionaries will be conducted this year at Yeung-kong by Fr. Thomas O'Melia, who has succeeded the late Fr. Taggart as pastor.

For advanced students of the language (designated sometimes as *The Wah*) in the Kongmoon Vicariate, the course will be given by Fr. Dietz at Loting.

In the Maryknoll Kaying Prefecture Apostolic, Fr. Downs will train the fledglings to fly in the winged words of the Celestial.

Also, in Kaying City itself, Bishop Walsh preached a retreat in October. Soon afterwards, two Chinese priests were ordained, as helpers to Msgr. Ford.

Recent friction in Manchuria has inspired one of our missionaries to send us statistics of the Japanese population.

In the *Leased Territory* of Manchuria (1,300 square miles at the southern extremity of the Liaotung Peninsula, leased to Japan till 1997), there are about 96,654 Japanese. Both Dairen and Port Arthur are in the *Leased Territory*.

Outside of the *Leased Territory*, mostly in what is designated as the South Manchuria Railway zone, Manchuria has a Japanese population of about 102,072.

PRAY FOR THEM

IN your prayers please give a remembrance to the souls of the following deceased friends of the mission cause:

Rt. Rev. Msgr. George J. Patterson; Rev. Austin Turbiaux; Rev. William J. Weirich; Rev. James J. Woods; Rev. Patrick J. O'Neill; Rev. George W. Welch; Rev. Thomas J. Hegerty; Sister Mary Martina; Sister Mary of the Nativity of Our Lord; Michael O'Day; Mrs. Sophia Kellegher; Rose Cassidy; Joseph P. Heil; Mr. Callierate; Margaret E. Monahan; Nellie McKenna; John M. Murphy; John F. Raycroft; Michael J. Murray; Mrs. Mary Marlow; Dr. Martin J. Dwyer; Matilda C. Hawkins; Mrs. Catherine Kiefer; Margaret Ellen Millar; Agnes C. Leonard; Mary Hildegard Convery; Catherine Hunzelman; Mary Shea; Mr. Shea; Sarah L. Bowen; P. H. Robinson; Mary T. Garvey; Mrs. W. H. Feeney; Mrs. Elizabeth Driscoll; Joseph Brown; J. A. Leamon; Emmett D. Mannix; Mrs. O'Rourke; John Drennen; Mrs. Julia Cassidy; James P. T. Ryan; Edward Troy; Edward Bonnin; Mrs. Elizabeth Byrnes; Mrs. Nell McGreggan; John Troy; Grace V. Morey; Frederick C. Crarer; Annie Keefe; Michael J. Keefe; Katherine M. Phelan; Mrs. Caroline Macke; Peter Ferguson; Francis Holohan; Mrs. Mary Moran; Mrs. Sarah M. Lens; Robert Williams; Michael J. O'Burne; Mrs. Handwerker; William Lowe; Miss M. Radczewsky.

Legal Title:

Catholic Foreign Mission Society of America, Incorporated.

VENARD WINTER CAMP

LOATED on the grounds of the Maryknoll Preparatory College, Clarks Summit, Pa., 1400 feet above sea level, and 135 acres in extent, in the hill country of northeastern Pennsylvania. Camp opens on the morning of Dec. 26th, and closes on the evening of Jan. 3rd. Rates are \$2.50 per day, and \$15.00 for a week.

Requirements

BOYS from 8 to 18 years are acceptable. They should provide themselves with heavy clothing, especially a woolen cap to pull over the ears, woolen mittens, several pairs of woolen socks, shoes for tramping through heavy snow, skis, skates, and a pair of rubber soled shoes for use in the gym. Bedding is supplied.

Activities

SKIING, skating, tobogganing and sledding, with indoor games in the gym when it is impossible to go outdoors. Skiing is most popular; next comes a tobogganing party on a crisp, moonlight night, with a hot drink after it to drive away the chills. A hike on skis to a nearby mountain, with a meal cooked in the open, is the feature of the week. Facilities for skating are excellent, and there are always some exciting hockey games. On a very bad day, or of an evening, the gym is used for basketball or volleyball.

Quarters

THE boys sleep in the new dormitory of the college, eat in the refectory food cooked by the Maryknoll Sisters, and hear Mass in the chapel. A Maryknoll Father is in charge, assisted by seminarians.

For further information and applications address: The Camp Director, Maryknoll Preparatory College, Clarks Summit, Pa.



OUR VENARD PREPARATORY COLLEGE AT CLARKS SUMMIT, PA., HAS ALL THE IDEAL CHRISTMAS "TRIMMINGS"—GLISTENING SNOW, BRIGHT SUNLIGHT, AND BRACING AIR FROM THE NEARBY HILLS

LEADING MANY SOULS TO THE CRIB AND THE CROSS.



A Story of the China Missions
By S. M. J.



wondering myself," began Father Fred, when the door opened and the subject of their speculations entered, carrying a bowl of soup.

Tou Meng's comely young face was habitually wreathed in smiles, but that evening it was downcast, and he scarcely glanced at the Fathers. Usually so eager in the missionaries' service, he now carried the soup so listlessly that it slipped as he was about to place it on the table, and a hot stream trickled down Father Tim's back.

"I'm sorry," said Tou Meng in a dull voice, but his whole manner indicated that he didn't particularly care.

"Well that beats all," stated Father Tim, carefully wiping his neck.

"I believe the fellow must be thinking about a 'person to sweep his house'," ventured Father Fred.

"If so," answered Tou Meng's victim dryly, "she has certainly turned him down."

At the Crib—

It was Christmas Eve, and Father Tim still had many confessions to hear. As he passed through the chapel, he noted the happy faces of the Christians decorating the Altar and preparing the Crib. He glanced around, and saw that Tou Meng was not there.

That was certainly curious, in former years the houseboy had been the most active among the decorators.

It was eleven o'clock before Father Tim came wearily out of the confessional into the now quiet chapel. The decorators had completed their work, and had gone to tidy up for Midnight Mass. The last penitent finished his prayers, and left the chapel. Father Tim went up to inspect the Crib.

As he did so, he became aware that some one was kneeling in the shadows to one side of the Crib. He touched the worshiper on the shoulder, and Tou Meng turned up to him a startled face, wet with tears.

"Telling your troubles to Him?" asked Father Tim gently, indicating the image of the Infant Savior.

Tou Meng nodded. "Yes," he said, "He understands."

"Well, Tou Meng, couldn't you confide in me, too; you see I am His servant, and He may show me a way to help you."

Tou Meng considered this, then turned to the priest. "I will tell you, Father," he said simply.

LIFE INSURANCE

HAVE you considered making Maryknoll the Alternate Beneficiary of your Life Insurance?

Others have found this a practical means of helping the missions.

Yellow Ox Village—

"You know, Father, that I come from Yellow Ox Village," began the boy. "When my parents still lived, and were well off, I was engaged to Chin Uor (Many Dimples), the tiny daughter of wealthy neighbors. We played together until my parents died, and it was discovered my father had been unfortunate in his business—he was a merchant—and had lost everything. I had to find work, and came to the city."

"Yes, I knew most of that, Tou Meng, though not about Chin Uor," said Father Tim. He recalled well the little fellow he had rescued from an unkind master, made his houseboy, instructed in the Faith, and later baptized.

"Well, during this last holiday you gave me," continued Tou Meng, "I returned to Yellow Ox Village, and saw Chin Uor, but her father would not let me speak with her. Chin Uor is more beautiful than anyone I have ever seen. Her eyebrows are like the leaf of a willow, her eyes resemble the heart of an apricot, and no cherries are as red as her lips."

"Her father knew that I had become a Christian. He told me that for my father's sake he would not have minded my being poor, but that no daughter of his would ever marry a running dog of the foreign devils. Chin Uor is soon to marry a rich man from another village, much older than herself."

A Gift to the Infant—

"My son," said Father Tim, "tell me this, do you love more Chin Uor, or the Child in yonder Crib?"

The face of the young Chinese was drawn with misery, but he did not hesitate. "Him, of course," he answered briefly.

"Then make a gift to the Christ Child, Tou Meng," said Father Tim very tenderly. "When He comes down on the Altar at Midnight Mass, offer Him the sacrifice of your love for Chin Uor. He has promised for those who leave all for His sake a hundred-fold reward—even on this earth."

Chin Uor—

The Christians had gone to their sleeping quarters for a few hours' rest before the Daybreak Mass, but Father

WILL YOU SPONSOR ONE OF THESE HELPERS OF OUR MISSIONERS?

Tim knelt on in the darkened chapel. Tou Meng was not to him merely a servant, he loved the young Chinese as his son in Christ, and prayed for him earnestly in this hour of trial.

Once he thought he heard the chapel door open, but saw no one enter. Now, however, he was sure that a shadowy form was beside the Crib, where he had discovered Tou Meng some hours before.

He crossed over, and threw his flashlight on the shrinking figure of a young woman. She wore the dress of a Chinese bride, but her rich gown was torn and stained with mud. She was certainly not a Christian, for the dark eyes which gazed at the priest were wild with terror.

"There, there, have no fear," said Father Tim, as he lit some of the candles about the Crib. "You must be cold, here, put my coat around you."

He saw now that she was little more than a child. She began to cry, and said brokenly, "Why, you are kind! My father said all the foreign priests were devils."

"Tell me about it," suggested Father Tim.

Who is the Child?—

"I am Chin Uor from Yellow Ox Village," said the girl. "Yesterday I was to marry a rich old man. I was dressed for the wedding; the procession and the red chair were already at the door. But I have always loved Tou Meng, and I do not love the old man at all. So, while those outside thought I was saying good-bye to my parents, I escaped by a back alley. No one saw me, for everyone was waiting at the front of the house for the bride to come out.

"I got away to a hill outside the village, and hid in some bushes. When darkness came, I crept out and started for the city. I knew the way. I have been here often with my mother. I even knew where the foreign church was, my mother had pointed it out to me.

"But I did not know how I should find Tou Meng, and I began to be terribly afraid when I thought of the awful God father says he worships. Now I suppose I will have to worship Him, too."

Chin Uor began to weep again, but

PERPETUAL ASSOCIATES

FIFTY dollars, paid within two years (fifty cents a week will accomplish this), secures a paid up Maryknoll insurance of the spiritual order — including a life subscription to THE FIELD AFAR.

suddenly she dried her tears, and stared enraptured at the figure of the Infant, now clearly visible in the light of the candles. Chin Uor's face broke into charming dimples, "Who is the beautiful Child?" she asked.

"That, dear Chin Uor, is Tou Meng's God. And now I will go and call Tou Meng."

The Hundredfold—

On Christmas Day, Father Tim sent a messenger to Chin Uor's father. It was not long before the messenger returned, saying that Chin Uor's family



"CHIN UOR," SAID TOU MENG, "IS MORE BEAUTIFUL THAN ANYONE I HAVE EVER SEEN"

IN CHINA, HIS WAGES ARE \$15 A MONTH.

would have none of her. She had brought irreparable loss of "face" upon them, by running away at the last moment from the rich old husband-to-be. They no longer recognized her as a daughter.

Father Tim went to bring the glad news to the young people. He found them kneeling before the Crib. Tou Meng was certainly once more giving thanks, and Chin Uor's dimples were playing hide and seek in her soft cheeks. They, at least, had evidently had no doubt that all would end well.

The missionary told them the result of the messenger's journey; then, turning to Tou Meng, he said, "Well, did you give the Infant His Christmas present?"

Tou Meng nodded, his eyes shining with an awed happiness. "Right away, Father," he said, "He gave me peace, and now—this."

"The hundredfold, eh, my son?" smiled Father Tim, and then looked at Chin Uor.

"Has Tou Meng told you the Child's Name, the Name of His God?" he asked.

Chin Uor's beautiful little face grew radiant as she answered, "Yes, He is the Prince of Peace."

An Apostle of Apostles— Father Gabriel Andre, S. S.

SINCE our last issue we have received word, through our Sulpician friends in Baltimore, that the venerable Father Gabriel André, S.S., late of Avignon in France, has passed to his reward.

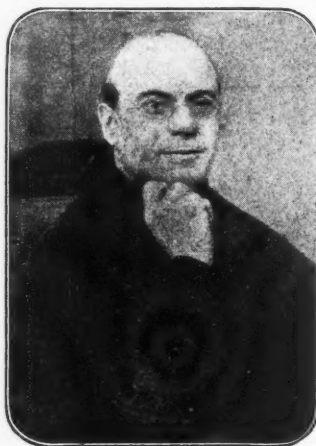
Father André's share in the development of the foreign mission spirit in the United States has been chronicled by Fr. George C. Powers, M.M., S.T.D., in the volume entitled *Maryknoll Movement*.

To the saintly Sulpician the *Society for the Propagation of the Faith* may trace the special impetus which it received in this country in 1896, and which has since then developed so strongly.

From Father André also the Superior General of Maryknoll, while a seminarian in Boston, received inspiration that later flowered in Maryknoll.

Hardly a month has passed since Maryknoll opened the first page of its history that Father André has not been in communication with its Superior.

Although the venerable Sulpician was eighty-four, his enthusiasm had impelled him recently to prepare an article on Maryknoll, to be published in a Belgian periodical—and in this work of love



THE LATE FATHER GABRIEL
ANDRÉ, S.S.

To the zeal of this saintly Sulpician, former teacher of American seminarians in Baltimore and Boston, the development of the foreign mission movement in this country owes much

he was engaged when warned by extreme weakness that his end was near.

Father Walsh had advised him not to make the attempt; and, finally desisting, he wrote a letter which arrived at Maryknoll only a few hours before the announcement of his death.

There are priests in the United States who knew and revered Father André, under whom they sat in Baltimore or Boston. For them and for all friends of Maryknoll we reproduce this final letter, asking also a breath of prayer for its priestly writer.

August 30, 1931,

Avignon Seminary, France

Dear Father Walsh:

In my last letter I spoke of my poor state of health, but also of the pleasure

it gave me to be able to work on an article about Maryknoll. I had already prepared in detail my whole plan for the article, and I was so glad to make Maryknoll better known among us here in France.

Then your last letter reached me a few days ago, in which you tell me not to over-reach my strength, and not to consider myself bound in any way.

Just at that time, the weight of my eighty-four years prostrated me suddenly. To tell the truth, I bear the visible marks of an ending life. You can imagine what a disappointment it was for me to be obliged to renounce my great desire.

Evidently, if I recover from my actual poor state of health, I will again take up the work on the Maryknoll article.

With loving wishes for spiritual and temporal blessings, I remain,

Faithfully yours,

G. André

Found In Our Mail

ENCLOSED are \$2 for which please send me *THE FIELD AFAR* for one year. The magazine is one of the best I have ever read. I read it from cover to cover the first day that I get it.—*Duluth, Minn.*

Occasionally I find a copy of *THE FIELD AFAR* in the rack for free literature at our church. To say that I like to read it is putting it very mildly indeed, so I am subscribing for myself.—*Los Angeles, Calif.*

Enclosed is a check for two years' subscription to your interesting and valued magazine.—*Washington, D. C.*

In these discouraging and uncertain times your little magazine, *THE FIELD AFAR*, is a real help, and gives us a broader outlook on the life the valiant missionaries lead.—*Cincinnati, O.*

I would give my last dollar for the magazine.—*Pawtucket, R. I.*

This summer I happened to pick up at a church door your last Christmas number of *THE FIELD AFAR*, and I was so touched by it that I am sending my subscription to the magazine.—*Santa Barbara County, Calif.*



MARYKNOLL JUNIORS



A MODEL JUNIOR CLUB



EVERY now and then my Juniors just get right up and show me that they are real Juniors. They have given me such a live response to my letter about clubs that Johnny and I feel they are just regular trumps. One letter describes what it seems to me is a very good way of getting up a club. It says:

As a Maryknoll Junior, I am organizing a Maryknoll Junior Club. My dear mother is an honorary member and will conduct and preside at all our meetings.

All of us are putting our most earnest efforts into this project.

Our patron is the Sacred Heart of Jesus and we will try to make as many spiritual sacrifices as possible. My two brothers and I receive daily Communion and with God's help we hope to have all our members doing likewise for the success of the Maryknoll Missions.

That's going to be the right sort of Junior Club! I look for great activity and splendid results from a start like that.



A letter mailed in Boston with a five-cent stamp, and addressed to "Father Chin, Catholic Foreign Mission Society of America, China", came straight from Boston to "Maryknoll-on-Hudson".



THE CHILDREN'S KING

"The morning stars danced together and all the sons of men sang for joy."

STRAWS FOR THE MANGER

ADVENT, when we look for the coming of the Infant Redeemer! The season that will begin and end in joy and gladness because Christ came to live among men. Are we willing to make sacrifices so that others, young like ourselves but living in paganism, may hear the Christmas message too? Little sacrifices, so that when Christmas morning comes, we shall have given straws to make easy the hard manger bed of the little King? Are we glad to give up little things that we would like, so as to have bright coins to put into our Advent mite-boxes? If we are, then indeed we are assured of our own Christmas joy.

GIVING HIMSELF

WHEN a boy will get out and work for the money to give for some special purpose, then he is really interested in it, isn't he? William Ryan, *Bridgeport, Conn.*, sent us \$1.00 for the St. Aloysius Burse for Venard Preparatory College, and wrote:

"I have earned this myself delivering orders for a store. I am entering High School in September. I would like to send a dollar once in a while for a special intention for Masses to some priest whose name is William."



PRIZES FOR THE WISE

THE prize offered in *The Teacher's Guide to The Field Afar* for the best paper in the Mission Essay Contest goes to Mario Pinto of *Brooklyn, N. Y.* He chose Manchuria as the field to which he would like to go if he were a missionary and he wrote a good paper. As his prize, Mario chose *Observations in the Orient*, a well-illustrated book written about the Maryknoll and other missions.

Juniors, ask your teachers about the Mission Achievement Tests appearing on *The Teacher's Guide*.



JUNIORS! WHEN YOU KNEEL AT THE CRIB THIS YEAR



MARYKNOLL JUNIORS



DEAR JUNIORS:

A Blessed Christmas to you all! May the Holy Babe of Bethlehem bless you for your every prayer and sacrifice for souls. Johnny Junior and I thank you for your wonderful work for the Maryknoll Missions which will help to make Christmas at home and in the Far East a very happy one.

When the Christ Child comes to each one of you on Christmas morning we hope that He will fill your hearts with His gifts and bless you for the love which urges you to spread His message.

Yours in the love of the Christ Child,

Father Chin

MARYKNOLL MISSION PLAYS

Faith in Action in the Field Afar



The Call of the Crib	The Dragon Conquered
His Heart's Desire	A May Blossom
The Home-coming	The Unseen Boy
The Feast of the Moon	The Flower of God

25¢ per copy

The Spirit of the River.....35¢

Youthful actors will be delighted with "The Call of the Crib" for their Christmas entertainment.



Johnny and I are turning the flashlight of two pairs of eyes on our card files that record the names and addresses of our Juniors. Every now and then, we send posters and folders and such things to our Juniors; so, to make sure that everything reaches you we want you to fill in your name, home address, school and grade, in the coupon below and mail it to us.



Name
 Street and No.
 City State
 School Grade

ASK THE CHRIST CHILD TO GRANT YOUR PRAYER

NEWS ITEMS

SAD news has come in the announcement of the death of one of our active Juniors, Marie Nolan, of 78th Street, Brooklyn, N. Y. However, we are happy in the thought that from Marie's heavenly Bethlehem, precious Christmas graces will descend not only on her loved ones but on her fellow Juniors, who are striving to make the Christ Child better known.



From the Maryknoll School in Maui, T. H., writes a Junior who says:

The boys are making airplanes. They have wood propellers. They paste colored paper on some, and others they paint. They have good fun with their airplanes.

I love the Junior songs you sent me. I am glad that I am a Maryknoll Junior.

Some of our Juniors were robbed of a mission correspondent when Father Taggart of Yeung-kong died in August. Mary Murray of Glen Cove, Long Island, N. Y., has asked for another missioner to write to and she is corresponding with Father Booth of Yeng You, Korea. And she is also going to correspond with Sister Mary Columbiere of Brooklyn, N. Y., who has recently been assigned to Hongkong.

We were glad to see those vacation prayer slips coming back with full slates. Don't forget, when you use these that your offerings of prayer and sacrifice for the missions can be shared with other intentions — school work perhaps or an intention for someone you love, Father or Mother, or little sister.



MARYKNOLL JUNIORS



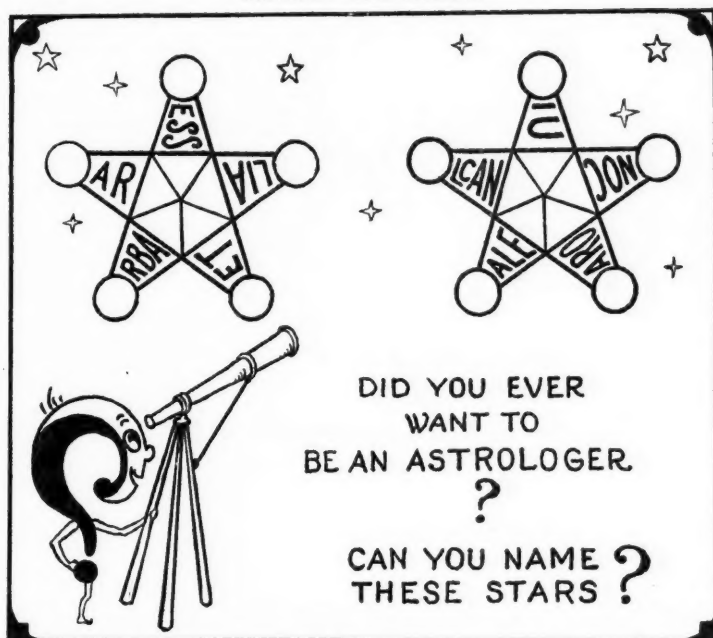
CONSULT THE STARS!

I JUST wish we could print in color some of the answers to the Johnny Junior Puzzle, they were so artistic. Most of them were very good indeed, so that it was hard to make a decision. Here are the winners of individual prizes: Barbara Holtslag of *Schenectady, N. Y.*, wins the first with a handsome little black-and-orange folder and an artistically developed "Johnny Junior"; Sheila Dougherty of *Flatbush, Brooklyn, N. Y.*, the second, with another solution and a gorgeous "coat of many colors"; Matthew Cullen of *Jamaica Plain, Mass.*, walked away with the third prize for a beautifully-executed pencil solution. *Honorable Mention:* Mary Ferguson, *Bronx, N. Y. C.*; Mary Hinds, *Bristol, Conn.*; Isabelle Phelan, *North Andover, Mass.*; George Livingston, Jr., *Cedarhurst, Long Island, N. Y.*

Don't forget that all solutions for the Group Prizes must be in by January first.

Ho, all ye artists! Ho, all ye puzzle-lovers! Father Chin is looking for puzzle-lovers that can make original puzzles! They should be about missions or missionaries, and they must be your own. Now that it is dark after supper and Juniors can't play out in the evening, it is a splendid time to get our pencil and paper, and crayons or paints, and try to make a puzzle.

The contestants for puzzle prizes should watch the Junior Pages for all particulars of prize awards.



If you put a letter in each circle and one in each little triangle in the center of the star, you can make each star point spell a proper name. If you find the correct solution, the letters in the circles of each star will spell a word. It will help this time to know something of your Church and Bible History

"FREE SHOT!"

SPRING, Summer and Fall seem to bring many school visitors to Maryknoll's Compound. But only a few seem to realize the pleasures that our *Winter* setting offers to picnickers. Lots of room for forts and snow-fights to work up a brisk appetite for your box-luncheon and the hot drink served by the Sisters.

Afterwards a tour of the compound for a "close-up" of Maryknoll activities and the enjoyment of the other attractions that make a visit to Maryknoll a memorable occasion. Then, for the ride home in the late afternoon with Junior Songs to sing all the way.

FOR CHRISTMAS GIFTS

Tales of pirates and detectives thrill us, and everybody likes to read the life of a real hero. Maryknoll has stories just as thrilling, of God's heroes who have lived and died for Him.

Field Afar Stories

3 volumes, 16 illustrations
Cloth, attractive Chinese design
1 volume, 85 cents; 3 volumes, \$2.25

Observations in the Orient

320 pp. text, 82 pp. illustrations
Price, \$2.00, postpaid

A Modern Martyr

241 pages, 15 illustrations
Red cloth, stamped in black

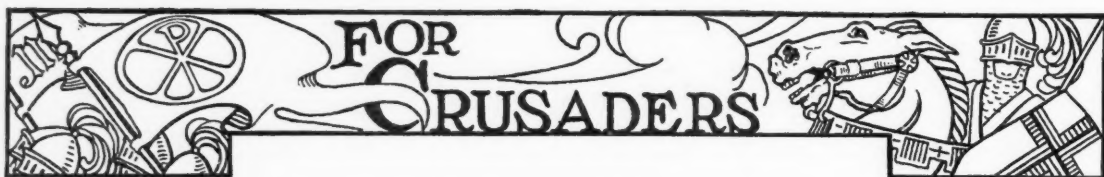
Price, \$1.00, postpaid

Paper, 60¢; 2 copies, \$1.00

The Catholic Church in Korea

Cloth bound. Illustrated
Price, \$1.00

FOR A CHRISTMAS MASS IN FUTURE YEARS



A Backward Look — and A Forward One



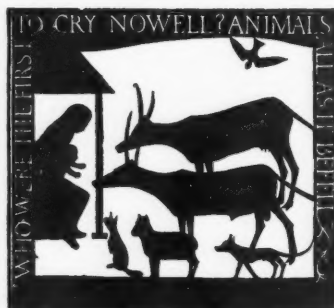
CHRISTMAS DAY, the first milestone! Let us stop to look back and see what we have done. We attended the Crusade Convention and we came home thrilled with what we had seen and heard of accomplishment against almost insurmountable odds, and aflame with desire and resolve to spend ourselves in this twentieth century crusade against paganism and all its consequent evils.

We were going to tell our Unit what others are doing to spread the Faith. Inspired with the heroic sacrifices of those who had broken all ties with home and homeland we were ready to pledge ourselves to the uttermost to share in their apostolic labors.



Carry on, Crusaders! Pray for the day when Christmas Masses will be said in every Far East city and town

Now, what have we done? If self-dissatisfaction is the result, let us again look over the field of action. How about our interest in the native priesthood? This is a cause which the Holy Father holds dear. For when one of their



THE FIRST NOEL

How will you help to carry the story to those who have never heard it?



in Masses celebrated at mission altars, and in the change of villages from pagan centers to Catholic strongholds. Here our desires can be realized, in the light of Christian hope shining in the



Mischievous little Miss China welcomes the Christmas Story that her big brother, now an "alter Christus", brings to her

eyes of His little ones, because to them, through our sacrifice, has come the joyous Christmas message of peace on earth to men of good-will.



The little Catholic Chinese boy of today is the Crusader or priest of tomorrow—if you do not fail him now

IN EVERY FAR EAST VILLAGE AND TOWN.

Circles

[A Maryknoll Mission Circle is a group of persons, young or old, who aim to cultivate in themselves and others a knowledge of Catholic foreign missions, to pray for the mission cause, and to help provide for the special needs of Maryknoll, at home and in the mission field. Circles formed in a parish are urged to secure the approval of their pastors and are requested to send their offerings through the diocesan mission office where such exists.]

Address:

Circle Director, Maryknoll, N. Y.

FOR our Circleers who are doing so much to aid Maryknoll in ministering to the most destitute of mankind—souls who know not Christ—the Infant Savior, King of the Nations, will have a special Christmas greeting, the sweetest ever known. He will say to them, *As long as you did it to one of these My least brethren, you did it to Me.*

Among Circle friends who recently were mindful of Maryknoll needs in the homeland and in the Society's fields afar, we record the following:

Good Shepherd Circle, of Chelsea, Mass., sent a large box of baby clothes which will gladden the hearts of some of our wee slant-eyed orphans.

From *Stella Maris Circle*, of Brooklyn, N. Y., came some beautifully made surplices, and a large quantity of medicines and bandages for our mission dispensaries.

We are grateful to the *Cecelia Club*, of St. Joseph's Parish, Wakefield, Mass., for a gift of lovely altar linens.

A fine shower of napkins and towels was received from *St. Peter's Circle*, in New York City; and the *Korean Martyrs' Circle*, of Brooklyn, N. Y., sent us a large box of medical supplies.

A generous offering for Mass intentions was forwarded to Maryknoll by the *Sigma, Sigma, Lambda Sorority*, of Dayton, Ohio.

Recently the Circle Director had the pleasure of entertaining a young girl who, from her slender earnings, has supported a mission catechist during the past six years, besides helping Maryknoll in many other ways. In fact, as some one expressed it, "She's a whole Circle in herself."

This friend of our work said that helping the missions seemed to her the only logical thing for anyone who appreciated his Faith, and that she found it strange that others didn't feel the same way about it.

Sponsors of native catechists in Maryknoll overseas missions are *St. Margaret's Circle* of the Catholic Club for Nurses, in New York City, and the *Holy Name Society* of the Most Precious Blood Parish, of Hyde Park, Mass.



GOD REST YOU, MERRY CIRCLEERS,
LET NOTHING YOU DISMAY,
FOR JESUS CHRIST OUR SAVIOR
WAS BORN ON CHRISTMAS DAY!

St. Patrick's Circle, of Westfield, Mass., remembers us nearly every month with a "stringless" gift; while the *Maryknoll Club*, of Hamilton, Ohio, just as regularly supplies us with the

wherewithal to ransom from paganism outcast Chinese babies.

Attics and closets, in Worcester, Mass., are being ransacked for the annual Rummage Sale of the *Théophane Vénard Circle*. We hope that the success of past years will be repeated.

The *Junior Holy Name Society*, of Peoria, Ill., has done much to aid our Kongmoon Seminary in South China. We have just received from its members another substantial gift for the support of Bishop Walsh's Chinese aspirants to the priesthood.

Our Lady, Queen of Purgatory Circle, of Los Angeles, Calif., is also an apostolic partner in the most vital of Maryknoll's undertakings, the training of a native clergy in the fields where its missionaries are at work.

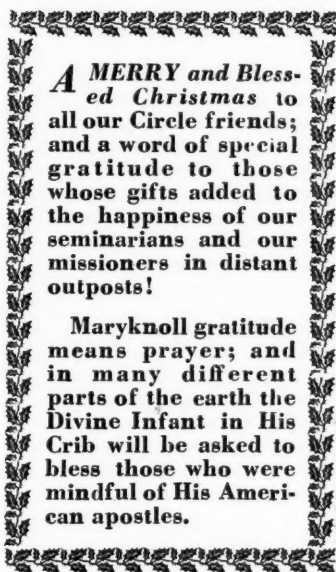
In gratitude to the Sacred Heart for a favor received, a member of *Moses Circle*, in Brooklyn, N. Y., has sent us an offering to supply one of our missionaries in China with altar wine for a year.

One of our priests in China has devoted friends in the members of *St. Anthony's Circle*, East Milton, Mass., who forward to him at regular intervals an offering for his personal support.

An S-O-S from our Tung On dispensary in South China lies on the Circle Director's desk; and we hope that it will bring an answering message from some generous reader or readers of our Circle Page.

The Tung On dispensary is conducted by Dr. Harry Blaber, a young Catholic physician of Brooklyn, N. Y., the first American doctor to work with our missionaries. The pastor at Tung On writes:

The Lord knows that we need bandages, and need them in abundance. We use about forty or fifty pounds of them a month. Bandages are easily made from any white material by tearing it into strips, basting the ends together, and rolling. Old sheets are excellent for this purpose.



DO YOU KNOW THE ADVANTAGES OF OUR ANNUNTY PLAN?

Friends of Jesukin



FR. WILLIAM BREWER, OF WESTERLY, R. I., WITH IDA, MARGARET, EDWARD, AND GEORGE LEE, HEIRS OF HEAVEN THROUGH HIS APOSTOLIC ZEAL FOR SOULS

The gift without the giver is bare. Christmas is the greatest season of giving mankind has ever known, because on that day, nearly two thousand years ago, God so loved the world that He gave it His only begotten Son—His very Self.

Friends of Maryknoll are close to the spirit of Christmas; some of their sacrifices for the mission cause are known to us, many more are known only to the Divine Founder of the Feast. May He Himself be their reward, exceeding great!

Only one notable *Stringless Gift* was received at the Home Knoll last month, and it came all the way from Bressanone, Italy.

From far or near, gifts of the "stringless" variety are always doubly welcome at Maryknoll; because, where needs are so many, they can be used to relieve the most urgent.

Our *Annuity Plan*, which continues to appeal to many wise investors, attracted the attention of a reverend friend in Minneapolis, Minn.

Not every annuity has the advantages of the Maryknoll plan—assuring interest for time and for eternity.

The yearly *Support of a Maryknoll Missioner* in China was donated by an ever generous benefactor in Newark, N. J. May his be a large share in the reward of his representative's labors at the mission front.

Mission Gifts for our fields in China and Korea were received from apostolic partners in San Francisco, Calif.; Bressanone, Italy; and Davenport, Ia.

The Boston Office of the Society for the Propagation of the Faith made a final payment on its offering of a *Chapel* in the Maryknoll Korean Mission.

The Korean mission field is at the present time yielding a rich harvest of souls, the fruit of the sufferings and death of so many martyrs of the past century, and the new Chapel in the "Land of the Morning Calm" will never lack worshippers.

Generous donations for the *Support of Native Catechists*, the missionaries' "right hand" men, came from friends in Hyde Park, Mass., and Albany, N.Y.

Maryknoll was happy to act as a channel for offerings sent towards the relief of *Chinese Flood Sufferers* by compassionate hearts in Washington, D. C., and Bayonne, N. J.

A notable addition to our *St. Michael Burse*, for the support of an aspirant missionary in our Major Seminary, was made by a benefactor in Hancock, N. H.

Aid in the maintenance of our *Vé-nard Preparatory College*, at Clarks Summit, Pa., was again received from a member of the United States Hierarchy, one of the foremost promoters of the foreign mission movement in this country.

Within the past month, nine *Wills* have matured in favor of Maryknoll; and we have been notified of a remembrance of our work in eight others.

TWO TITLES FOR YOUR WILL

Catholic Foreign Mission Society of America, Incorporated.

Foreign Mission Sisters of St. Dominic, Incorporated.

Give both to your lawyer.

A Homeland Apostle

THE four Chinese children shown on this page are heirs of heaven owing to the apostolic zeal for souls of Fr. William Brewer, pastor of St. Michael's Church, Westerly, R. I.

Fr. Brewer patronizes the laundry of Mr. Lee Sing in Westerly, and he won the friendship of the Chinese. Mr. Lee and his wife were glad to have their children baptized Catholics, and now Fr. Brewer is anxious to also instruct the parents. This is not easy, since Mr. and Mrs. Lee know little English.

Fr. Brewer writes that the children are little champions of the Faith. The two oldest, Ida and George, entered St. Michael's Parish School, conducted by the Sisters of Mercy, last September. The Lee family live next to a Mrs. Culnan, a staunch Catholic, and they are as much in her home as their own. This influence will strengthen and guard the faith of the young converts.

And so, because the language of charity knows no barriers of nation or race, St. Michael's Parish in Westerly, R. I., has four little Catholic Chinese. Had Fr. Brewer not seen and found the human soul in his Chinese laundryman, the names of these children might never have been written in the Book of Life.

PERPETUAL ASSOCIATES

Living: Reverend Friend, 1; G. M. P.; Sr. M. A.; C. D. H. and Relatives; M. McG. and Relatives; A. E. R. and Family; E. J. M.; M. O'M.; E. K. D. and Relatives; J. K.; J. J. S.; F. A. R.; A. M. D.; G. S. and Relatives; Mrs. T. L.; J. D.; Relatives of K. B. T.; Relatives of K. L.; W. H.; M. P. S.; J. M. MacD.; M. N. and Relatives; E. M.; L. E. G. and Relatives; N. M. O'C.; F. J. R.; M. F. and Relatives; C. C.; A. S. and Relatives; W. and M. L.; M. A. O'B.; M. A. U. and Relatives; C. V.; J. V.; M. J. S.

Deceased: Mary H. Convery; John T. Gallagher; Bridget Egan; George

W. Wallace; Richard and Catherine
A. Fitzgerald; Caroline Macke.

NATIVE STUDENT BURSES

\$1,500 placed at interest will enable
our missionaries to keep one Chinese
aspirant to the priesthood at a semi-
nary in China.

OUR LADY OF LOURDES BURSE	
Little Flower Burse.....	1,218.00
SS. Ann and John Burse.....	1,176.28
Blessed Sacrament Burse.....	1,150.00
Mater Admirabilis Burse.....	1,100.00
St. Ambrose Burse.....	1,083.00
Mary Mother of God Burse.....	900.60
Souls in Purgatory Burse.....	808.13
Christ the King Burse, No. 2.....	716.00
McQuillen-Blämer Memorial Burse	702.00
Maryknoll Academia Burse.....	500.00
St. Patrick Burse.....	301.60
F. W. Burse.....	254.00
	100.00

STUDENT BURSES

A burse is a sum of money drawing
yearly interest which is applied to the
board, housing and education of a stu-
dent at the Maryknoll Seminary, or at
one of its Preparatory Colleges in the
United States.

FOR THE MAJOR SEMINARY

(\$5,000 each)

C. C. W. BURSE OF THE FIVE WOUNDS	
Michael J. Egan Memorial Burse	\$4,500.00
St. Anne Burse.....	4,200.00
Kate McLaughlin Memorial Burse	4,071.83
St. Anthony Burse.....	4,050.00
St. Francis of Assisi Burse, No. 1.	4,046.13
S. & E. W. Burse.....	4,000.00
Curé of Ars Burse.....	\$4,000.00
Dunwoodie Seminary Burse.....	3,733.35
N. M. Burse.....	3,475.44
St. Vincent de Paul Burse, No. 2	3,000.00
Pius X Burse.....	2,853.30
Bishop Molloy Burse.....	2,851.00
Byrne Memorial Burse.....	2,799.25
Holy Child Jesus Burse.....	2,751.85
St. Michael Burse.....	2,500.00
Marywood College Burse.....	2,425.50
Our Lady of Mt. Carmel Burse.....	2,256.19
Our Lady of Lourdes Burse.....	2,246.63
Archbishop Ireland Burse.....	2,101.00
Pulaski Diocese Burse.....	1,911.70
St. Dominic Burse.....	1,897.19
Bernadette of Lourdes Burse.....	1,834.75
Our Lady of the Sacred Heart Burse.....	1,722.06
St. Agnes Burse.....	1,455.88
Immaculate Conception, Patron of America Burse.....	1,441.28
Fr. Nummey Burse of Holy Child Jesus Parish of Richmond Hill..	1,402.55
St. Francis of Assisi, No. 2 Burse	1,137.10
St. John Baptist Burse.....	1,076.11
Manchester Diocese Burse.....	1,000.00
St. Boniface Burse.....	910.65
St. Francis Xavier Burse.....	883.38
Sacred Heart Seminary Burse.....	850.00
St. Rita Burse.....	771.65
St. Lawrence Burse.....	650.25
Children of Mary Burse.....	646.70
St. Bridget Burse.....	600.70
Holy Family Burse.....	576.25
St. Joseph Burse, No. 2.....	526.20
St. Joan of Arc Burse.....	501.61
The Holy Name Burse.....	470.65
St. Louis Archdiocese Burse.....	430.00
St. Jude Burse.....	382.25
St. John B. de la Salle Burse.....	269.00
All Saints Burse.....	260.78
Rev. George M. FitzGerald Burse	233.00
St. John Berchmans Burse.....	201.00
Jesus Christ Crucified Burse.....	190.50
Newark Diocese Burse.....	157.00

MR. KIM'S CATECHUMEN

Maryknoll-in-Korea
November, 1931



Dear Folks at Home:

Just last night I got back
from a neighboring mission, and I
am still suffering the pangs of envy
—let's hope it's "holy"!

As I was talking to Father
Tom one afternoon, in walked the
grandest old Korean gentleman I
have ever laid eyes on. I thought
it must be at least a visiting man-
darin, but the princely old fellow
was right at home - - he's a
catechumen!

Hardly had the old gentle-
man made his final courtly bow in
leave-taking, when I asked Father
Tom, "How on earth did you 'land'
him?"

"I didn't, of course not", said Father Tom. "It was Kim,
my catechist. He can hold his own with any scholar or former
nobleman in the country, and he's a wonder at rousing their
interest in the Church."

Well, ever since I've been wanting a Mr. Kim for my mis-
sion. "Why don't you go ahead and get one?" you ask.

There's just where I've been waiting for you. A Mr
Kim will cost me twenty dollars a month, do you know where
I can get it?

Hopefully yours,
A MARYKNOLL MISSIONER

SS. Peter and Paul Burse.....	150.00
St. Peter Burse.....	106.07

FOR OUR PREPARATORY COLLEGES

(\$5,000 each)

IN HONOR OF THE SACRED HEARTS OF JESUS, MARY, AND JOSEPH BURSE.....	
4,802.00	
Sacred Heart of Jesus Burse (Re- served)	4,400.00
"C" Burse II.....	1,851.60
Bl. Théophane Vénard Burse.....	1,724.80
Rt. Rev. Michael J. Hoban Me-	

morial Burse.....	1,231.00
Bl. Virgin Mary Sodality Burse...	1,000.00
St. Michael Burse.....	693.32
St. Aloysius Burse.....	654.50
Our Lady's Circle Burse (Los Altos)	600.00
Archbishop Hanna Burse (Los Altos)	444.95
St. Philomena Burse.....	215.00
Holy Ghost Burse.....	133.00
Ven. Philippine Duchesne Burse..	120.00
Immaculate Conception Burse.....	119.00
St. Margaret Mary Burse.....	112.00

†On hand, but not available, as at present
interest goes to donor.

STRENGTHENS THE CHURCH AT HOME.

MARYKNOLL
CHRISTMAS GIFTS



YOUR friends will be pleased if you include *Maryknoll Books* among your Christmas gifts. You can show thoughtfulness and good taste at no great cost in this way. See back cover for list of Books and special Christmas discount.

THE *Maryknoll Pin and Ring* bear the Chi Rho symbol, two Greek letters signifying the mission of Christ to the world—singularly appropriate gifts for the Day on which the Son of God became Man. Gold Pins cost 50c; Gold Rings, 10-karat, \$7.

SAY "Merry Christmas" to your friends with *Gift Subscriptions to The Field Afar*. One Gift Subscription for a year may be had for \$1.00; six of these Subscriptions will cost only \$5.00. An attractive Christmas card, bearing your name, will be sent to each of those for whom you subscribe.

INDUSTRIAL work directed by the Maryknoll Sisters in China and Korea produces *Oriental Gifts* of a unique charm.

These include Linens—tray covers, dinner sets, luncheon sets, bridge sets, guest towels—50c up; Carved Ivory—paper cutters, napkin rings—50c up; Dolls—Chinese, Japanese, Korean—50c up; Altar Linens, \$10.00 up; Surplices, \$16.50 up; Albs, \$40.00 up; Lightweight Vestments, \$30.00 up.

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makes an ideal

Christmas Gift

... Christmas Cards ...
UNIQUE—ARTISTIC

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Containing a Geographical and Statistical Description
with Maps of the Church, furnished with
Historical and Ethnographical Notices

Prepared by Command of His Holiness, Pope Pius XI

By F. C. STREIT

189 pages—39 maps in colors—size 15¾ x 9¾ inches. Historical Data on every Mission—latest boundary changes. Maps beautifully done in colors—complete index—solid binding

Price, \$12.50

The Society for the Propagation of the Faith
109 EAST 38th STREET
NEW YORK, N. Y.

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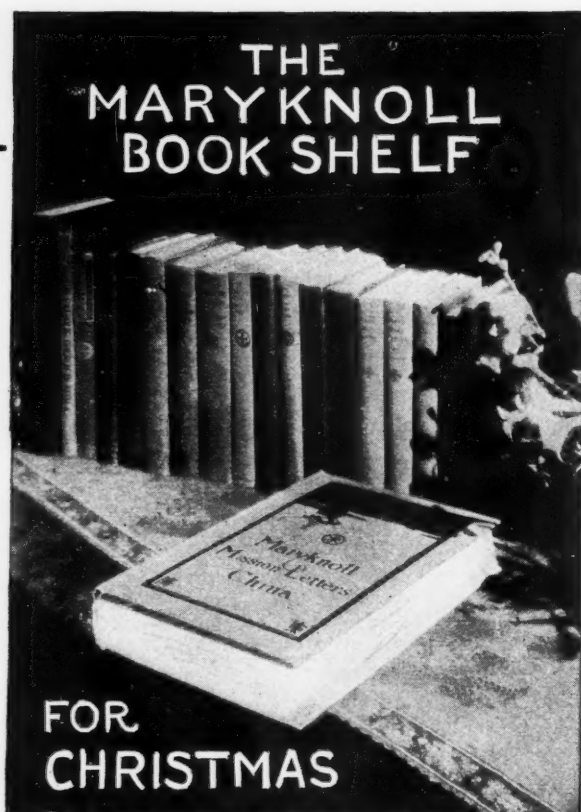
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